

New Oxford Item.

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NO. 24.

Personal.

Leslie Colestock, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Colestock, of Hanover street, a former clerk in the Auker drug store, who has been attending school at Philadelphia returned home last week, and entered Gettysburg College.

Jacob Myers, of Philadelphia, spent the past week with his grandmother, Mrs. J. E. Myers, Lincoln Way, East.

G. A. Klingel and wife, of Hanover street, visited friends at Hampstead and Baltimore.

C. B. Hanft and wife, of New York City, are spending sometime at the Altland House, in Abbotstown.

Mrs. William J. Chrisher, daughter Bernadine, and grandson Francis Chrisher, near Bonnewille, arrived home after spending the past two months visiting the former's daughter, and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Claggett, of Shelbyville, Mo., also Charles Chrisher and family, Denver, Col.

Francis Devine, McSherrystown, left on Wednesday for Emmitsburg, where he will attend Mt. St. Mary's college.

Joseph E. Bowser, who left East Berlin almost a year ago and made his home with his sons and daughters at York, Manheim and Reading is at present visiting his son, Andrew Bowser, on the old home farm, near East Berlin. He is enjoying good health, considering his age of nearly four score and six years. Mr. Bowser is now almost totally blind.

Mrs. Daniel March of East Berlin, returned home from a two weeks visit to her son-in-law and daughter, Serg. M. C. C. Culp and wife, of Boston, Mass.

Jos. I. Weaver, the Democratic "Boss" of the borough, attended a meeting of the State Central Committee at Harrisburg, on Saturday.

Mrs. C. E. Deatrick and daughter, of Biglerville, spent a few days with the former's sisters. Mrs. M. G. Colestock and Mrs. Wm. Gilbert, and their families, F. D. Staley and wife, Geo. W. Trimble, wife and daughter Helen, and Frank Trimble, wife and daughter, of Martinsburg, W. Va., are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Blair, of Carlisle st.

Edward Stambaugh, who makes his home with H. J. March, near town, spent a few days with friends at York.

Joseph Rutter, of Abbotstown, who has been employed at the local shoe factory for sometime, has secured employment at York.

Dr. W. H. Lilly, of McSherrystown, was in New Oxford on Friday.

Miss Esther Haverstock, of Aspers Station, was an over-Sunday visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Miller, of Lincoln Way, East.

Mrs. Minnie Smith, of near Latimore, spent Sunday at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. I. Smith. Mrs. Smith was accompanied by her father, Mr. John Albert, who will spend sometime here.

Harry J. Albert, who has been employed at Philadelphia for sometime, has returned to his home at Hampton.

Ernest W. Moller, wife and daughter, Junia, lately of Lemoyne, spent the weekend with Mrs. Moller's mother, Mrs. F. S. Smith, of Hanover street. Mr. and Mrs. Moller have just recently taken apart ments in Harrisburg.

Flying Lieutenant and Mrs. Henry J. Smith spent several days with his father, the Editor, on the lieutenant's way under orders from West Point, Miss. to New York. Henry, Jr., had not been back in Ye Old Towne for a year, having been sent last fall to the school of military aeronautics at Austin, Texas, and he was overjoyed to be home once again.

Mrs. Frank Feiser and daughter, Ruth, Lincoln Way, East, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Garber, and other friends in the vicinity of Hampton. They returned on Sunday evening with Mr. Feiser, who spent the day at the same place.

Robert Walker, wife and family, have returned to their home in Baltimore, after a visit with Mrs. W. S. mother, Mrs. Kate W. Himes, of Center Square, Mrs. Helen McKinley, of Winchester, Ky., returned with her sister, Mrs. Walker, to spend sometime in Baltimore.

Jacob A. Eckert, proprietor of Hotel Hampton, at Hampton, is spending a few days with his brother at Camp Lee, Va.

The following were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob M. Mummert, of near town: Mrs. Jacob M. Mummert and four children, of East Berlin; Roy Mummert, of Hampton; Arthur Nester and wife, near Green Ridge schoolhouse; G. P. Neidick, wife and son, of Hampton; George Mummert and wife, of Carlisle; Edward Sarbaugh, of near Kohler's schoolhouse; and Charles Haar, of New Oxford.

Earl Colestock, of near town, visited friends at Littlestown.

Guyon A. Smith is spending a few days at his home on Hanover street prior to returning to Lafayette College, Easton, to resume his studies there, and also to take up the government's military course. The young man was engaged with the government engineering corps at Fayetteville, N. C., during the summer.

Ralph Butt, of Gettysburg, has secured employment at Philadelphia.

Dorothy Weaver, Gettysburg, has returned to St. Joseph's A. McSherrystown.

Marguerite Ruth, of McSherrystown, visited Wm. Yealy and family, near town, over Sunday.

Wm. Noel and family, of near town, visited his uncle at Midway on Saturday.

F. L. Martin and family, of Seven Hundred, visited James Lingg and family at Midway, last week.

Mrs. Henry Rinehart, Sr., of Irishtown, spent a few days with her son, Charles Rinehart, near town.

Miss Kathleen Kitchner, of near town, spent Saturday at Midway with Miss Belle Bowers.

James R. Miller, employed by the Fisk Rubber company at Chicopee Falls, Mass., is spending a week's vacation at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pius J. Miller, near the cross-roads.

Charles A. Wines, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Alwine, of Berlin Junction, left on Tuesday to enroll as a student at the Mercersburg Academy.

Guy Smith, stationed at a southern camp, is spending a few days' furlough at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. J. Smith.

Soldiers Nabbed

For Auto Theft.

The Dodge touring car owned by C. J. Frey, of Hanover, which was stolen on Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock was found the same evening at Greensburg, Pa. The car contained two soldiers who were placed under arrest by a member of the State police. The two soldiers, James McKernan and John T. Doyle, who are from Camp Colt, were brought to Hanover on Wednesday evening by Chief of Police Crabbs. They have been committed to the county jail at York to await a hearing before Justice of the Peace Lewis D. Sell. That C. J. Frey was the victim of the theft instead of Guy Hollinger is due to the fact, it is claimed, that the so lirs could not start Hollinger's car, which was standing in Bank lane near the Frey machine. Additional charges may grow out of the theft of the car as it is claimed that the soldiers also got away with gasoline at several garages while on their trip.

At the hearing Saturday morning the case is being held under advisement. The defendants were committed to jail pending a decision.

Hospital Patients.

Earl Flickinger, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Flickinger, of near Kohler's schoolhouse, who has been undergoing treatment at the McClain Sanatorium, at St. Louis, Mo., for spinal trouble, during the past six months, returned to his home last week. The young man is reported to have been considerably better off by the treatment. He may return to the same institution for further treatment at a later date.

Clara Staub, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Staub, of McSherrystown, was taken to the West Side Sanatorium, York, where she underwent an operation for necrosis of a bone of the foot.

John Waltersdorff, of Hanover, was taken to the West Side Sanatorium, York, on Friday, for an operation for appendicitis.

Robert McGuigan, of Gettysburg, and Mrs. Jacob Hiltbert, of Hanover, were admitted to the York hospital on Monday for surgical treatment.

Real Estate Sales.

The 40-acre farm of Samuel Bereaw, at Two Taverns, was sold to Ray C. Gitt, of near Littlestown, at \$90 an acre.

The 42 acre farm of C. S. Powers in Latimore township was sold at public sale on Saturday for \$2,550.

Edward Haar sold his property situated in the west end of Abbotstown to Vincent Brighner, Sr., of Paradise township, York county, for \$1700.

A. M. Bly, of Woodstock, Va., has purchased the Paul Zepp farm, formerly known as the Jacob Zepp place, near Five Points. The farm contains about 200 acres.

Mr. Bly is a son-in-law of Hugh Carpenter, also of Woodstock, who several years ago purchased the Albert Myers farm, near Five Points, which he now occupies.

Miss Lillian Haar sold her property, in Paradise township, near Abbotstown, 10 acres with improvements, at public sale to Claude Grim for \$2,200.

Fire Destroys Garage.

The garage of Calvin Good, a 30x84 feet frame building, at the rear of his residence, at Pennville, adjoining Hanover, was completely destroyed by fire about 12:30 o'clock on Friday morning. The origin of the fire is unknown, but may have been caused by a battery-charger which was in operation. Color is lent to an incendiary theory by the fact that a man was observed prowling about the garage sometime before the flames broke out. The loss, which is estimated at \$3000 by Mr. Good, is covered to the extent of \$1,500 by insurance. Four automobiles and two tractors, which were standing in the garage, were removed in safety. Between two and three hundred gallons of oil were burned and all the tools and machinery are a complete loss.

With the weather a bit gloomy, the Hanover Fair opened its 34th annual exhibition on Tuesday. Tho these are war times, this year's fair is expected to equal that of previous years. Polack Bros. big show reached Hanover on Tuesday evening from Williamsport after numerous railroad setbacks.

When a C. V. Tel. Co. repair gang lost control of a telephone pole which they were moving in Hanover Tuesday morning, the pole crashed to the earth catching Harry Bittner, a member of the crew, whose home is in Harrisburg, at the right ankle, and badly bruised that member.

Forty Hours Devotion will open in St. Mary's church, McSherrystown, Rev. Dr. L. Augustus Reutter, pastor, at 6:30 o'clock Sunday morning with a high mass and procession of the school children. One of the priests from the Paradise Rectory, will have charge.

N. Lippig, of near town, returned on Sunday from a month's business trip to the state of Kansas.

L. V. Straley, saddler, is spending some time at Baltimore.

Miss Loretta R. Cole, of Buchanan Valley, is spending a week with friends at McSherrystown and New Oxford.

Prof. Joseph March, of Abbotstown, has resumed his duties as an instructor in the Akron University, Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Harry Haar, Hanover street, was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meckley, at Abbotstown.

Aaron Spangler and son Charles, of McSherrystown, have secured employment in Baltimore.

Joseph Maguire, employed in the office of B. F. Shriver Co., Littlestown, for the summer months, has returned to his home in Gettysburg.

Miss Edna Herman, Lincoln Way West, visited Charles C. Miller and family, in Littlestown.

Edgar McKim has returned to his home in McSherrystown after spending several months with his uncle, Basil McKim, in California.

Bugle Notes.

Mrs. J. C. Lawver, of Aspers, has received word of the safe arrival overseas of her husband.

George A. Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Miller, of Gettysburg, who has been in training for the past two months with the U. S. Marines, at Paris Island, S. C., has been awarded a medal as high sharpshooter.

Lieut. Horace Stewart, U. S. N., son of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Stewart, of Gettysburg, has been assigned to duty as executive officer on the transport "Lake Bloomington."

Pvt. Harry E. Feiser, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert K. Feiser, of near New Chester, who received a gun shot wound thru his right shoulder, while in action with his regiment on the battle front in France, early in June, is still confined to a hospital, but slowly improving, according to a letter received by his parents, last week.

Word has been received of the safe arrival overseas of Herbert Meckley, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Meckley, of near Abbotstown. Another son, Claire Meckley, is now in service at Camp Lee, Va.

Lavere Burgard, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burgard, of East Berlin, who sometime ago enlisted in the navy reported for duty at Pier 10, North Philadelphia, on September 8th.

Dr. C. E. Bortner, of Hanover, is in receipt of an appointment as First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps, United States Army, with instructions to report to Medical Officers Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., upon acceptance of the commission.

Lester Stauffer and Frank Dempsey, of Gettysburg, have been called to the Naval Reserve, and have left for Philadelphia.

Miss Margie Strausbaugh, of Gettysburg, has received a card stating that Howard T. Wolf has arrived safely overseas.

Mrs. Angeline Sheely, of Bendersville, has received a card stating that her son, Levi Sheely, has arrived safely overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Miller, of Huntington township, received news of the safe arrival overseas of their son, Raymond E. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. U. J. Stock, of near Swift Run schoolhouse, have received notice that their son, Claude Stock, has arrived safely overseas.

Charles Topper, McSherrystown, who enlisted several months ago in the Navy, left Saturday to report to the Naval Commandant at Philadelphia, to be assigned to a Training School.

Roy Groff, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Groff, of McSherrystown, who enlisted about six weeks ago in the Navy, left on Thursday to report to the Naval Commandant, preparatory to being sent to a Training Station in California.

Capt. John W. Sheetz, U. S. C. officers in charge of Evacuation Unit No. 18, has arrived overseas according to information received by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Sheetz, of Center Square on Monday.

Charles S. Diller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Diller, of Lincoln Way, East, who has been stationed at Camp Meade, for sometime, has been transferred to Camp Gordon, Ga., where he has entered the Officers Training Camp. Mr. Diller is a graduate of Gettysburg college.

Capt. W. D. Himes has arrived safely in France, according to information received by his mother, Mrs. Kate W. Himes, of Center Square. Mrs. W. D. Himes and children, who had been residing with the Captain at Boston, will return to New Oxford just as soon as the children recover from attacks of whooping cough.

The following Gettysburgians have received word of the safe arrival overseas of their relatives, as shown: Wm. Eppley, of his son Clarence; Mrs. Andrew Florence, of her husband, and Mrs. Geo. McClellan, of her brother, Clarence A. Roach.

The Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Roth, of Hanover, received a card of the safe arrival overseas of their son, Private Homer Roth. James Roth, another son of the U. S. Cruiser Galveston, spent 5 days' furlough with his parents. He just returned from his first trip overseas.

Mrs. S. C. Russell, of Orrstown, has received word of the safe arrival of First Sergeant S. C. Russell, overseas.

Private Calvin H. Byers, of Littlestown, previously reported missing in action July 15th, is now reported wounded and in a hospital according to word received by Jesse Byers, a brother, who lives near Littlestown.

William C. Duncan, of Gettysburg, is a signal quartermaster, second class, on board the "Hauloi," a submarine patrol that is doing convoy duty overseas.

Capt. John B. Horner, of Knoxlyn Mills, has received his commission as Major of Infantry. Major Horner went to the second officers' training camp, at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., last September, and was commissioned as a first lieutenant at the end of camp. He was assigned to Camp Jackson, S. C., and during the winter was promoted to captain. Major Horner is the first local man to have attained this rank by earning it since the start of the great war.

Raymond Hershey, son of Mrs. Abraham Hershey, of Gettysburg, has arrived safely overseas.

John P. Butt, of McKnightstown, received a cablegram Monday evening announcing the safe arrival overseas of Chaplain E. W. Stonebraker. Lieut. Stonebraker formerly occupied the Reformed charge at Fairfield and McKnightstown.

Sergeant Edward Bowers, who saw five months service in France with Co. K, 60th Inf., most of which was spent in the trenches, is spending a ten days' furlough with his wife, in Hanover. Sergt. Bowers enlisted last September at Gettysburg, at the expiration of his furlough rose to Camp Cody, Deming, New Mexico, to serve as an instructor.

Private Horace B. Beitzel, Hanover, was severely wounded in action on July 13th according to word received on Monday night by his mother, Mrs. J. K. Bankrats, who resides in York. Mrs. Bankrats received a letter from her son last month, stating that he was in a hospital, wounded in the leg by a piece of shrapnel. He stated that he expected to be back in the fighting in several months.

Guy Snyder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Snyder, Hanover, who was serving in

Will Not Consider Demands While Strikers Are Out.

The striking anthracite coal miners in the Shamokin coal fields must return to work at once before their demands will be considered by Fuel Administrator Garfield.

Doctor Garfield telegraphed James Matthews, president of District No. 9, that the striking miners would be held personally and strictly responsible for any falling off in coal production.

All Reading Mines Closed.

All the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company collieries in the Shenandoah and Mahanoy regions are closed by strike.

This action was decided upon at a meeting of the mine locals held Sunday. About 25,000 miners are affected.

Virtually all of the mines in the Shamokin district also are idle. The mines south of Broad Mountain are in operation. These include those in the Lykens Valley, Tremont, Minersville and Schuylkill Valley districts.

Shamokin Men to Return.

Eleven thousand miners in the Shamokin and Mount Carmel district of the anthracite region suspended work in conformity with the decision of a mass meeting held in Shamokin Sunday.

The Richards colliery of the Susquehanna Collieries company was the only colliery in operation.

The district president, Matthews, wired from Washington that until the men return to work the federal fuel administration will refuse to consider an adjustment of the anthracite wage scale. The men are expected to go back to work at once.

They ask a 100 per cent increase "in order to place their wage scale upon a par with the miners of the bituminous field."

10,000 Out at Shenandoah.

Mine workers at 13 collieries in the Shenandoah, St. Nicholas, William Penn and Girardville districts walked out, causing the operations to close.

Between 9000 and 10,000 men are affected. It is estimated the production of anthracite will be cut at least thirty thousand tons daily.

Collieries in the Mahanoy City district are in operation. The decision to remain from work was reached at meetings, despite the pleading of union officials, the clergy and patriotic citizens.

Pickets were stationed at all roads leading to the collieries. Miners who were reporting for work were forced to return home. Some minor disturbances are reported but the situation now is quiet.

In Frackville the Defense League controlled the situation and after threatening to make arrests the pickets retired and collieries there are working.

The walkout was forced by non-English speakers and workers. Union officials tried to keep the men at work. James Matthews, president of district No. 9, has issued a statement pleading with the men to return to work and await adjustment by the fuel administration of grievances.

Firemen Injured.

Disaster followed in the wake of the fire truck of Alpha Fire Company, of Littlestown, when the volunteer firemen responded to an alarm of fire at the B. F. Shriver cannery factory in that place on Thursday about 5:30 p. m. As Driver Charles Anthony was taking the truck out Baltimore street, the machine skidded, throwing the men to the ground with considerable force, causing painful injuries.

William Anthony's shoulder blade was broken; Austin Staley's knee was cut severely; Gordon Sell suffered a dislocated hip; R. H. Wilson's back was sprained, and Allen Starr, Lester Sell and Dr. H. A. Stoneweller suffered slight injuries. The fire at the cannery factory was soon extinguished with little damage. It started in the storage room from an overheated switch-box.

Scalded in Milk Plant.

Scalded about the face, arms and body, Emmert Leatherman suffered painful injuries at the condensing plant of the Hershey Creamery Company, in Biglerville, about noon on Tuesday. Though not critically ill Mr. Leatherman is in great distress because of the scalds. The accident happened when the lid came off the condensing can and steam poured from it enveloping Mr. Leatherman who was regularly employed at the place. All of his body down to the hips caught the scalding steam and the man's sufferings were very intense.

John Dillon, of Buchanan Valley has purchased a new automobile.

France, is now located in the U. S. according to a letter received by his parents. Private Snyder is suffering from rheumatism and is now confined to U. S. General Hospital No. 3.

Private Charles M. Keagy, a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Keagy, of near McSherrystown, writing to his parents, tells his experience a machine-gunner, having been in action in the trenches.

AMERICAN LINE FIRMLY FIXED

Activity of the German artillery increased somewhat.

No infantry attacks, however, were made.

Intense aerial activity marked the operations.

The Germans have not resisted minor movements calculated to consolidate the American line which now has become firmly fixed.

Seemingly they are holding the Hindenburg line, from which they are sending out patrols, while the Americans and French, encamped a few miles on this side, continue to feel out the line by the same method.

Allied night bombing airplanes Sunday night dropped more than seven tons of bombs on Courcelles, Ebrange, Saarbrücken, Boulay, Buhl, Conflans and other points. The bombs dropped on Conflans were directed against the railway yards, the center of the German communications in this region. The roads crossing the Moselle also were attacked by the airmen. Many direct hits were observed. An enemy train was hit at Longuyon.

Pursuit groups, protected by a barrage, carried out numerous raids and scored victories in several engagements. Attempts of German aviators to cross the American line were unsuccessful generally.

Enemy airplanes attacked points within the American lines. Bombs were dropped on St. Mihiel and the Germans used their machine guns against that town, but with little effect.

Reports from different points along the line show that the number of guns and the general material captured by the Americans is increasing. An entire artillery park was captured at Jaulny.

Austrian prisoners captured by the Americans are bitter in their denunciation of the Germans. They accuse the Germans of leaving them in the lurch. Austrian officers declare they were not warned of the American attack and that repeated requests for ammunition were ignored. The Germans, they add, gave their entire attention to exterminating themselves from the salient.

French Take Two Strongholds.

The town of Vailly, on the north bank of the Aisne east of Soissons, has been captured by the French, the Paris war office announces.

The French have continued their progress between the Oise and the Aisne and captured Mont des Singes. Mont Singes is south of the Allette and east of Vauxaillon. Vailly is eleven miles south of Laon, the chief objective of the French drive.

The capture of these two strongholds marks an extension of the flanking movement against Chemin-des-Dames. Mont des Singes is north of Chemin-des-Dames, and Vailly south of that barrier to Laon. American troops are assisting the French in the drive toward Laon.

British in Minor Operations.

British troops advanced their line slightly in the neighborhood of Ploegsteert and Ypres, in Flanders, according to the official statement issued by the British war office.

The statement says: "On the southern portion of our front our patrols have brought in a few prisoners."

"In the neighborhood of Uloegsteert and east of Ypres our line has been advanced slightly."

"On the remainder of the front there is nothing to report beyond artillery activity on both sides in the different sectors."

26 SHIPS IN 13 DAYS

Twenty-eight Steel and Wood Vessels Launched, Also Early in Month.

Twenty-six ships, with a dead-weight tonnage of 147,520, were delivered to the shipping board by American yards during the first thirteen days of this month, the board announced.

During the same period twenty-eight steel and wood ships of 150,357 dead-weight tons were launched.

Midvale Turns Out Million Rifles.

Acting Secretary of War Crowell announced that the Midvale Steel and Ordnance company has turned out 1,000,000 modified Enfield rifles of 1917 type since the manufacturer of the first one, September 17, 1917, and is approximately two months ahead of its schedule.

More Than 13 Million Enroll.

Returns from the registration last Thursday of men from 18 to 45 on the basis of a few states complete and partial figures from all others, indicated the total would be 101 per cent of the estimated 13,000,000.

U. S. REJECTS BOGUS PEACE PROPOSAL

Won't Entertain Plea Until Wilson's Terms Are Accepted.

The United States government will definitely and emphatically reject the proposal of the Austro-Hungarian government for a peace discussion.

This was announced by Secretary Lansing with the authority of President Wilson, after he had read the official text of the proposal.

Mr. Lansing made this statement: "I am authorized by the president to state that the following will be the reply of this government to the Austro-Hungarian note proposing an unofficial conference of belligerents: 'The government of the United States feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the imperial Austro-Hungarian government. It has repeatedly and with entire candor stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain.'"

AUSTRIA BEGS FOR PEACE

Requests Sent Conference to Discuss the Terms.

The Austro-Hungarian government has invited all belligerents to enter into non-binding discussions at some neutral meeting place, with a view to bringing about peace.

The holy see and all neutral nations also will be notified.

An official statement from Vienna making the above announcement has been received in Amsterdam.

In extending the invitation the Austro-Hungarian government states that the object of the conference would be to procure an exchange of views which would show "whether those prerequisites exist which would make the speedy inauguration of peace negotiations appear promising."

The Austrian proposal suggests that there be no interruption of the war and that the "discussions would go only so far as considered by the participants to offer prospects of success."

The proposal calls for all the belligerents to send delegates for a "confidential and unbinding discussion on the basic principles for the conclusion of peace, in a place in a neutral country and at a near date that would yet have to be agreed upon."

The proposal says the conference would be one of "delegates who would be charged to make known to one another the conception of their governments regarding those principles and to receive analogous communications, as well as to request and give frank and candid explanations on all those points which need to be precisely defined."

The government announces that a note embodying its suggestions had been addressed to the various belligerent powers and that the holy see had been apprised of the proposal in a special note. The governments of the neutral states also had been made acquainted with the proposal.

BELGIUM OFFERED PEACE

Berlin Reported in New Move to Win Back Her Lost Colonies.

Germany has made a definite peace offer to Belgium, according to information received in London.

The terms of this proposal are as follows:

Belgium shall remain neutral until the end of the war.

Thereafter the entire economic and political independence of Belgium shall be reconstituted.

The pre-war commercial treaties between Germany and Belgium shall again be put into operation after the war for an indefinite period.

Belgium shall use her good offices to secure the return of the German colonies.

The Flemish question shall be considered and the Flemish minority, which added the

TAKING A CHANCE

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

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"Jiggers, the boss!"

And upon the heels of the whispered warning Mr. Joseph Q. Hattis-bury, heavy-footed and always sober, entered the sanctum of his private office.

The "Q." it must be stated, had been added to his name coincident with his appointment to the vacant presidency of the Consolidated Metals corporation, marking a very gradual rise from his lowly beginning as errand boy for this same business institution some 40 years back. There was about as much logic to his belief that the "Q." which stood for nothing, added a unique dignity to his name, as for his idea, assimilated through the course of his career, that heavy-footed walking was an indication of a "dominant personality." Of course, Mr. Joseph Q. Hattis-bury would not have characterized it so, principally for the reason that he seldom knew the meaning of or how to spell words of greater than monosyllabic length.

As the door, labeled in letters of warning size "Private," banged shut, a small, thin-limbed fellow, with deep-set eyes, looked up from the large sheet over which he was bent, and retrieving the lighted cigarette from his pocket, whistled relievedly. His thin-limbed hair and the telltale crow's feet about the eyes seemed to vie oddly with his boyish mannerisms.

"If it hadn't been for your 'jiggers,' Helen, I'd've been caught that time sure."

Helen rested her hands, with their network of blue-veined ridges, on the keys of her comptometer. Helen could no longer be called exactly young, but an indefinable happy turn to her lips reflected a never-absent sense of humor. She was conservatively and economically dressed in a dark serge skirt which eloquently testified by its sheen its fourth year of continuous service. Black, low-heeled shoes and a white lawn waist completed the businesslike severity of her costume, relieved only by a small amethyst brooch fastened to the throat.

"Right you are, Rodney," she replied, but her voice did not have its usual buoyancy. The man noticed it.

"What's the matter, old scout?" he asked consolingly, getting up from his chair and proffering her a bag of caramels. She refused the confection.

"Tired, Helen?"

"Yes, I am—tired to think that you've got to hide a cigarette in your pocket as if you were a little kid, and tired of that," pointing contemptuously to the door marked "Private," "old-maid teacher."

Rodney smiled. "Let up on the old maids, Helen. You're living in a glass house all your own."

"Oh, but I'm a woman and it makes no difference if I push the keys of this comptometer forever. But you're supposed to be a man and make a name for yourself in this world. Does the prospect of smoking when it pleases the other fellow appeal to you for the rest of your life?"

Rodney stood silent. This was a new Helen.

"Look here, Helen, we've been working together now for nearly ten years right in this office, and you've never talked this way before. You know I've never dared risk starting something for fear I'd fail. So I've been content to put up with the old man."

"Well, you've got to take a chance some time. Shame, that for the security of three meals a day you've been content to lodge in a rut! Don't follow my example. Here I am well along in the thirties, and still letting this thing think for me," and she gave the comptometer a vicious shove. "You get out, Rodney, and take a chance. A man at forty is still young these days."

Helen smiled at the unusualness of their conversation and her new role of adviser. She couldn't help smiling.

"Well, I'll tell you what," he answered, as he clasped his hands together to seal the bargain, "you suggest the venture, and I'll do it—or bust."

Helen laughed out loud. "Foolish," she said, without serious intent, "go buy a delicatessen."

Rodney's mouth closed with a snap.

"Jiggers, the boss!"

And as Mr. Joseph Q. Hattis-bury re-entered the outer office he found his employees zealously performing those duties for which he never let them forget he paid them. He tramped noisily over to Helen's desk. Despite her dislike for him, she could never help but feel that he treated her just a little more considerate than he did the others.

"I'd like to see those totals, Miss Bently," he said in stentorian tones, and Helen shivered as he leaned his portly frame over her. He did not seem to be paying much attention to the figures as he nervously fingered his watch chain. "Come into my office," he ordered peremptorily.

Puzzled, she followed him into the room, and Rodney looked up at the door closed with its customary bang. "Here's where she gets it," he thought. Perhaps Helen was "getting it."

"Miss Bently," her employee abruptly began. He cleared his throat with a rasping noise and Helen fortified her-

self for the worst. "I intend to make you my wife."

Helen recoiled.

"You've been a good employee for the past ten years," he went on, as if he were merely increasing her salary. "And I don't think you'll waste my money if I marry you."

He paused to cough. "Does the lady select the wedding day?" he cross-examined.

A hot and scathing refusal was on Helen's lips. Oh! The man's audacious arrogance! Was she nothing but another step in his upward progress? Did she have no choice? How long had she been under consideration? Was her position in jeopardy? The questions raced like flashes of lightning through her confused mind. Then as in a panorama there passed before her the years of confining hours, the tolling days and the nights without recreation—just work, work and more work—that one might live. The very whiteness of her waist seemed to implore succor from frequent washings and the shiny serge skirt silently pleaded honorable discharge from service.

And here was liberation! Within her grasp was material ease for the rest of her years. Helen hesitated.

"May I have time to think it over, Mr. Hattis-bury?" she asked slowly.

He seemed puzzled as to what necessitated consideration. "Yes," he finally answered, "you may have a week."

As Helen returned to her desk Rodney looked up—and promptly down again. Helen was crying.

In the next succeeding days she was grateful that he did not question her. But Rodney was preoccupied in his own affairs.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day.

"Helen," Rodney called abruptly as he heard the last echoing footsteps of their employer down the hall, "will you marry me?"

Helen's hand went to her forehead. Two proposals in one week for a woman who had reached her thirty-eighth birthday without any. Rodney came over to her.

"Listen, Helen. I've been thinking a great deal about what you told me that other day—about making something of myself. You're right. I've been in a rut."

Helen showed her comptometer to one side. This was a new Rodney.

"So I went and stuck the six hundred I've saved up in the cutest little delicatessen you ever saw. It's got cans of stuff on the shelves and cheeses on the counter and cakes in the case and flour in the bin, and," he ran on excitedly without stopping for breath as Helen grasped his coat sleeve in the contagious enthusiasm, "there is a good trade. It'll be slow plugging at first, lot and lots of work, but—but it's a go."

He leaned toward her with arms extended. "All it needs—all I need is a wife—that'll make everything complete."

Helen could not speak. Something was choking her.

"I'll be good to you," he pleaded, taking her silence for a refusal. "I'll do all the work. Honest I will. I just want you to encourage me. Won't you please? It means—oh, it means independence!"

Rodney stopped. Helen was crying—again. He sat down on her desk and with one hand about her shoulder he patted her head with the other.

"Jiggers, the boss!" he called as the door opened.

But they weren't in time. Mr. Joseph Q. Hattis-bury had seen. He brought one foot down after the other with a ponderous thud.

"Miss Bently," he snorted in high indignation, "after my talk, what does this mean? I cannot give you a week to decide. Choose now!"

Helen stopped crying and looked from her opinionated employer to Rodney with his deep-set eyes still pleading his cause. The one held promise of comfort and of submission; the other, work—and independence.

"Oh, I'll take a chance," she said. "I choose the delicatessen."

NOT SATISFIED WITH FATE

Most of Us Have Some Kind of a Grouch as to How We Have Been Used.

As a rule we all hold a grudge against life, because of the one thing that we think should have happened to us and did not. This is not a new idea; it has been worked over and over, but just the same, if we take the time to look a little more deeply into our hearts than we sometimes like to do we are very likely to find there a certain degree of resentment against life, or fate, or circumstances because some one outstanding thing has not happened to us, something that we would have liked to have happened and which we believe would have contributed in large measure to our happiness. Of course, the something that we have in mind differs with each individual; it may be a blessing that we just missed or something that we never had the least idea of obtaining; it may have to do with our personal happiness or our personal success; it may have been the one thing necessary to round out a beautiful life or it may have been the one thing that would have brought us disappointment, but whatever it was we know that we longed for it with all our heart and because it never happened to us, and never will happen to us as far as we can see, we continue to want it and to feel hurt and injured because we have not obtained it. We may not look upon such a condition as a blessing in disguise because most of us prefer our blessings in plain view and beyond all shadow of doubt or misunderstanding. —Charleston News and Courier.

SAVED BY GIRL LASHED TO MAST

Crew Rescued After Thrilling All-Night Experience in Lake Storm.

HOLDS HEROIC VIGIL

Signals Bring Succor to Helpless Craft on Lake Michigan After All but Daring Young Woman Are Exhausted.

Chicago.—Lashing herself to the mast of a disabled boat in the gale that swept Lake Michigan, Miss Margaret Sturdy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sturdy of 115 East Chicago avenue, maintained an heroic vigil until dawn. Then the American flag she was waving as a signal of distress brought succor. The boat was several times on the verge of foundering.

This was the story brought to Chicago after Capt. A. F. Brown and his crew of the South Chicago coast guard station had responded to Miss Sturdy's signals and rescued both boat and passengers. The boat, which was eight miles out in the lake, was towed in. Aboard it, besides Miss Margaret, were her parents and a crew of two men.

From Portland, Me., They had brought the boat, a 60-foot sailing yacht with an auxiliary gasoline engine, from Portland, Me., where Mr. Sturdy purchased it for Mrs. Sturdy some weeks ago. It is named the Mikado.

The voyage had been uneventful save for a few minor squalls until they encountered the storm. Even then they would have made Chicago safely had not the gasoline engine become disabled. The sails were useless in the high wind.

They drifted all night, Miss Sturdy told a reporter, while the crew tried in vain to repair the engine. Toward midnight the violent pitching of the boat caused Mrs. Sturdy to become ill. She failed to respond to emergency treatment and her condition was such that the services of a physician were urgently needed.

Girl Guards Vessel. The strain of keeping watch for passing vessels, working with the engine, and battling the storm exhaust-

ed Mr. Sturdy and his two-man crew, and they succumbed to sleep about three o'clock in the morning. The duty of guarding the little vessel thereupon devolved upon the daughter. The storm showed no signs of abatement. Big combers were breaking over the deck and the Mikado was tossing about like a cork when Miss Sturdy took the vessel's American flag and fought her way to the mast, just about the bow. Using a coil of hepen rope, she bound herself to it and remained there until about five o'clock, when Captain Brown's lookout sighted her distress signals.



Was Tossing About Like a Cork.

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NEW SWINDLE IN CANADA

Crooks Impose Fines on Farmers for Having Too Much Food in Possession.

Vancouver, B. C.—County police in the farming sections of British Columbia are hunting for a number of clever crooks who have been imposing fines on farmers for having too much meat, flour or other provisions on hand. One farmer reports having been fined \$25 by one of these supposed inspectors who had been fed by the farmer and housed all night. At breakfast the visitor was served with bacon. The fine was then imposed for serving meat on a meatless day.

Is Meanest Burglar.

Springfield, Ill.—Police here are searching for Springfield's meanest burglar. He recently broke into two homes and rifled baby banks. One yielded \$3.30 and the other \$30. Nothing was disturbed.

DRINKS EVIDENCE; IS SENT TO JAIL

Shaky Prisoner Grabs Bottle When Bailiff's Back Is Turned.

San Diego, Cal.—When John Rylan was taken into court on a charge of boot legging to soldiers, a quart bottle of whisky was produced as evidence.

The prisoner stood before the judge trembling and shaky, not because he was frightened, but because he was shy his "morning's morning." There lay the bracer before him; the bailiff's back was turned and John counted well on the dignity of the court.

Right before the astounded judge and to the delight of the rail birds



He Actually Grinned at the Court.

he seized the bottle and drank half of it at a single gulp. A police sergeant yelled to the bailiff:

"Hey, Oscar! he's drinking all your evidence!"

As the bailiff jumped to the rescue the prisoner hastily put the bottle down, then the bailiff collapsed into a chair to try and grasp the horror of the situation. The court held his dignity.

This was the psychological moment for John. He grabbed the bottle again and drank the remaining pint. He felt better and the evidence was all gone; he actually grinned at the court.

With carefully selected words his honor made it plain that Mister Rylan gets no more refreshments for six months.

FAMILY IS ALL MIXED UP

Woman Gums Things Up by Marrying Father of Son-in-Law.

Marysville, Cal.—Family relationships were all tangled up here when Mrs. Janet Traynor, whose daughter is the wife of Frank Bremer, married A. G. Bremer, her son-in-law's father. Mrs. Bremer, Sr., has room for uncertainty as to whether her daughter's husband is really her son-in-law now or her stepson, while her own daughter is also her daughter-in-law by marriage. Mrs. Bremer, Jr., is also having her troubles, as her mother has to serve also as a mother-in-law and her husband is at the same time her step-brother.

DOUBLE-BARRELED STORY OF MOTHER-IN-LAW WOE

Oakland, Cal.—Emma Claypool has been granted a divorce from Thomas B. Claypool on testimony that his mother as well as hers lived in the same house with them and that his mother held views that were contrary to her own mother's. So far as the court records show, the only trouble seems to have been between the two mothers-in-law.

PUT IT UP TO THE STATE

Parents Unable to Agree on Name for Child Ask State to Decide.

Toledo, O.—There's trouble in a household in the village of Sylvania, not far from here.

A child was born to this family recently. The husband was alone in the home when the state enumerator called.

The mother wanted the child to have one name while the husband desired it to carry another through life. The father won.

Now the mother has appealed to the state department of vital statistics, asking that the child's name be changed so as to conform to her wishes.

State officials have failed to unearth any law authorizing such action.

Thief Steals Tombstone.

Oshkosh, Wis.—How a thief could steal a 500-pound tombstone and get away with it is something that is puzzling county officials. Relatives who erected a granite tombstone to the memory of Christian Kleinschmidt, pioneer farmer of Black Wolf, reported the theft.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Leave no tender word unsaid, Do good while life shall last; You know the mill can never grind With the water that is past.

WAR TIME DISHES.

UTS are rich in both protein and fat. A cupful of chopped peanuts equals a half pound of steak, chicken or leg of lamb. No meat except pork chops and sausage will provide enough fat to replace the fat found in a cupful of peanuts. Walnuts are not as rich in protein as peanuts; but they furnish nearly twice the amount of fats.

Egg Plant With Walnuts.—Boil an egg plant until tender, cut in pieces, remove the skin and mash the pulp. To the pulp add one cupful of chopped walnuts, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two eggs well beaten, salt and pepper to season. Mix well, put into a well-greased baking dish, cover with well-buttered crumbs (the crumbs may be mixed with any sweet fat) and bake until brown.

Scalloped Onions With Peanuts.—Peel and cook six onions, chop two-thirds of a cupful of roasted peanuts, cook together two tablespoonfuls each of fat and corn flour; add a cupful of milk and seasonings. Put the onion and peanuts in layers in a buttered baking dish, add the white sauce and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until brown.

Prune Soups.—Take two cupfuls of top milk luke warm, add one crushed junket tablet dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, a few grains of salt. Mix in the freezer can and let stand until the milk is thick, then freeze. Serve small portions in glasses with prune sauce.

Sweet Potato and Peanut Croquettes.—Take one cupful of mashed sweet potato, one cupful of finely chopped peanuts, salt and pepper to taste. Shape like croquettes, roll in fine bread crumbs well buttered and bake in a hot oven until brown. Serve with a white sauce mixed with two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

LITTLE left over oat meal may be fried in small cakes and served with bacon for the next day's breakfast or if two cupfuls or more is at hand, make an Oatmeal Brown Betty.

Pare and slice three apples, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg and put into a deep baking dish in alternate layers with oatmeal. Molasses or corn syrup may be used in place of sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are soft. Serve with cream or a sauce made of apple juice.

Corn Chowder.—Take two cupfuls of finely chopped corn, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of rice or vegetable stock, one cupful of diced potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of chopped bacon, two tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of corn flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Boil the potatoes and onions with the stock ten minutes; add the corn, salt and pepper and boil five minutes; add the heated milk, flour and butter creamed together and cook until smooth. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve hot.

Clam Stew.—Drain the liquor from ten large clams. Put the clams through a meat chopper and add the clam juice, bring to the boiling point, remove the scum and add three cupfuls of milk. Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter with the same amount of flour and add to the stew. Cook for five minutes and season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Serve with croutons or crackers.

Orange Cream.—Soak one-fourth box of gelatin in one-half cupful of cold water and add enough boiling water to make a pint of liquid. Squeeze the juice from three oranges and half a lemon, strain, sweeten to taste and mix all together. When it begins to stiffen fold in one-half cupful of whipped cream.

Many Speak Portuguese. The Portuguese language is used by about 30,000,000 persons.

Canned Squatter. In a suburb of Kansas City a squatter has built a home composed entirely of tin cans, unsoldered and rolled out flat. If he had more ingenuity he might have constructed an automobile.

Summing Up Life. Think on this doctrine—that reasoning beings were created for one another's sake; that to be patient is a branch of justice, and that men sin without intending it.—Meditations.

Health Was Shattered

South Boston Woman Tells How She Suffered Before Doan's Cured Her.

"I was in awful shape from kidney disease," says Mrs. W. F. Sterritt, 707 Dorchester Ave., South Boston, Mass. "My health was shattered and I would often fall in a heap. Had someone stabbed me in the back with a knife, the pains could not have been worse."

"I lost thirty pounds, was terribly nervous and could not do my housework. Fainting spells came on and my feet and limbs swelled so badly I couldn't wear my shoes. Tuffy, scaly skin looked shiny and the impression of a finger left a dent that remained for some time."

"My kidneys were in awful shape and it seemed that I had to pass the secretions every hour. The passages were scant and terribly distressing. I was feverish at night and perspired profusely."

"I was discouraged until told about Doan's Kidney Pills. They brought improvement from the first and about a dozen boxes cured me. My cure has lasted."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

One Treatment with Cuticura Clears Dandruff

All druggists, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free on "Cuticura" Dept. E, Boston.

PAKKE'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Mountains of Oil Analysis Grease, River Oil and mineral values of \$15 net. Best investment ever offered the investor. Investigation solicited. Representatives wanted. Box 416, Kommerer, Wye.

It is to be hoped that the meek will inherit the earth before the other fellow gets through with it.

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion whitener, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how freckles, sunburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

SONG FOR ALL ABLE TO HEAR

Trouble Is That All People Have Not Properly Attuned Themselves to Listen to It.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear," sings the poet. Let us go a little further and say that there is ever a song everywhere—if we have the ear attuned to it.

The cultured musicians will tell you that what the masters sing in their strange and complex studies is the highest music to those who are trained to catch it. But the simple heart finds the harmony in the simple, lowly melodies.

What to the one class is purest music is to the other meaningless noise. If we just knew how to listen we could love the songs of each. To some the jingle of money is the only music in the world. It defends them to all other sounds. To some the melody of their own names spoken in praise is the only music worth hearing. The ears of these seem to open inward. The greedy and the vain shrink their whole world to their own size.

But to those who can hear it there is a song in every phase of life. Fortunate is he who can hear more than a very few.—Exchange.

The Price Goes Up. "A penny for your thoughts." "Not in war times. The least I could take would be six cents."

Post Toasties

(MADE OF CORN)

Taste twice as good now cause I know they Help Save the Wheat

Bobby

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Summing Up Life. Think on this doctrine—that reasoning beings were created for one another's sake; that to be patient is a branch of justice, and that men sin without intending it.—Meditations.

HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES IF YOUR BACK ACHES

Do you feel tired and "worn-out"? Are you nervous and irritable? Don't sleep well at night? Have a "dragged out," unrefreshed feeling when you get up in the morning? Dizzy spells? Bilious? Bad taste in the mouth, backache, pain or soreness in the loins, and abdomen? Severe distress when urinating, bloody, cloudy urine or sediment? All these indicate gravel or stone in the bladder, or that the poisonous microbes, which are always in your system, have attacked your kidneys.

You should use GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. The oil soaks gently into the walls and lining of the kidneys, and the little poisonous animal germs, which are causing the inflammation, are immediately attacked and chased out of your system without inconvenience or pain.

Don't ignore the "little pains and aches," especially backaches. They may be little now but there is no telling how soon a dangerous or fatal disease of which they are the forerunners may show itself. Go after the cause of that backache at once, or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease.

Do not delay a minute. Go to your druggist and insist on his supplying you with a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. In 24 hours you will feel renewed health and vigor. After you have cured yourself, continue to take one or two Capsules each day so as to keep in first-class condition, and ward off the danger of future attacks. Money refunded if they do not help you. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand, and thus be sure of getting the genuine.—Adv.



What The Packers Do For You

Not very many years ago in the history of the world, the man that lived in America had to hunt for his food, or go without.

Now he sits down at a table and decides what he wants to eat; or his wife calls up the market and has it sent home for him. And what he gets is incomparably better.

Everyone of us has some part in the vast human machine, called society, that makes all this convenience possible.

The packer's part is to prepare meat and get it to every part of the country sweet and fresh—to obtain it from the stock raiser, to dress it, cool it, ship it many miles in special refrigerator cars, keep it cool at distributing points, and get it into the consumer's hands—your hands—through retailers, all within about two weeks.

For this service—so perfect and effective that you are scarcely aware that anything is being done for you—you pay the packers an average profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound above actual cost on every pound of meat you eat.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it may be found just the medicine you need. At druggists in large and medium size bottles. You may receive a sample size bottle of this reliable medicine by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Charity with a string to it uncovers a multitude of sins.

Skin Troubles That Itch

Burn and disfigure quickly soothed and healed by hot baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. For free samples, address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The proper material for umbrellas is watered silk.

No Worms in a Healthy Child. All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off and reject the worms, and the child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Some men would die young if they were compelled to make a living.

Your Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Stinging, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary clearing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. All druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxtine Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

Barhanell's Perspiration Corrector. Makes waiting a pleasure. Will positively stop offensive odors from feet and armpits as well as excessive perspiration. Send 20c in stamps to F. Barhanell, 1740 Haight St., San Francisco, Calif.

Don't Throw Away Your Old Sraw Hat. Clean it up with INSTANT CLEANER. Price 10c. Write to S. S. S. Co., 175 Fulton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



Cabbages and Wartime.

Two smokers were standing on a city curb, away from the currents stirred by passersby.

One was smoking a pipe. The other threw a half-finished cigar into the street.

"That's against the law," said the pipe smoker.

"Why, I threw it into the gutter," said the other.

"But it's against the law to throw away cabbage in wartimes."

His Handicap.

"The north-bound train is forty minutes late," Mr. Sellers, said the landlord of the Petunia tavern.

"Why, confound it!" returned the impatient drummer. "Your porter said the station agent told him it was ten minutes late."

"Yes, but you know old Henry is so deaf that he hears only about a quarter of what is said to him."

A Parting Shot.

Mr. Will Makem had just popped the question to Miss Elderleigh, the lady of his choice.

"I am sorry," she answered resolutely, "I cannot marry you. I'm sure you never saw any encouragement written on my face."

"Ah, true!" sighed the rejected one. "I suppose it was because of my inability to read between the lines."

Horrible Accident.

Willie and his little sister were visiting at a mountain resort where it was the custom to wax eloquently enthusiastically about "the view." One day the little girl fell over the edge of the piazza, and Willie ran screaming to his mother: "Oh, mother! Come quick, won't you? Bessie's fallen into the view!"

Irish Repartee.

Murphy—Aw, g'wan an' talk to yer self.

O'Brien—If Oi did Oi'd be talkin' to a sensible man, an' hearin' a sensible man talk.

Almost Sure Sign of Rain.

When the smoke settles to the earth, take heed. Rain is almost always sure to follow within 24 hours. The settling of the smoke indicates that there is much moisture in the air.

Use for German Helmets.

"My boy has sent over a German helmet. What do you suppose I can do with it?"

"Personally I'd use it for a garbage pail."

Cruel.

Rich Old Aunt—Robert, I am going to make my will. I think I shall leave you—(pause).

Nephew (eagerly)—Yes, aunt.

Aunt—Before long.

Nothing Cheap About Him.

"You're a low swindler," The food pirate smiled. "Call me a swindler if you like," he said, "but leave off the 'low.' My operations run into the millions."

When She Economizes.

Mr. Myles—Does your wife economize in any direction?

Mr. Styles—Oh, my, yes.

"In what does she economize?"

"In shoe leather. She always insists upon wearing shoes two sizes too small for her."

On to Him.

"I can't live properly on \$75 a week," complained the young man.

"Yes, you can," said his guardian.

"The real trouble is you want to live improperly."

Poor Outlook.

"Papa, did Jack ask you for my hand?"

"Yes; and I guess that's about all of you he could support. I found out that his salary would just about keep you in gloves."

The Morning After.

Wife—Do you think it good taste for you to stay out to the hour you did last night?

Hub—If you refer, my dear, to this dark brown taste in my mouth, I confess that it's anything but good.

Unusual.

"There was a sensational case of kidnapping on our block yesterday."

"You don't say so! What was it?"

"The baby in the third house who generally keeps everybody awake with its yells slept all night."

Not Altogether Unusual.

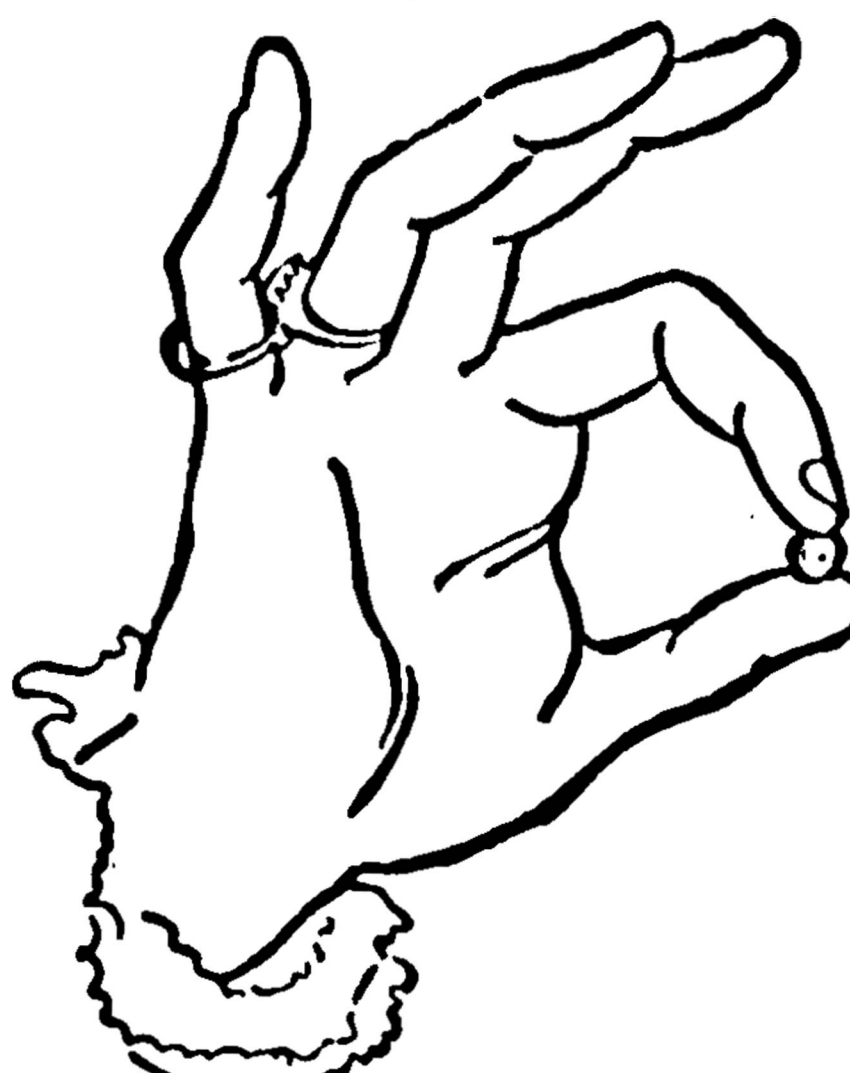
"The amendment to this bill is getting more thought and discussion than the original document."

"Well," inquired Senator Sorghum, "isn't it much the same way with the Constitution of the United States?"

LIFT OFF CORNS!

With fingers! Corns and calluses lift off. No pain!

Magic! Just drop a Little Freezone on that touchy corn. Instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

Many a man with a powerful voice has a dent where his bump of intelligence ought to be.

NEVER FAILS TO END MISERY OF PILES

Stops Itching at Once.

"Hundreds of people in this vicinity," says Peterson, "know of the mighty healing power of PETERSON'S OINTMENT in eczema, salt rheum, old sores, itching skin, ulcers, pimples and all diseases of the skin. They know it cures these ailments—that it is guaranteed to cure them."

Now I want to say to every sufferer from piles, either blind, bleeding or itching, that I will guarantee that a 30 cent box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT will rid you of piles or your druggist will return your money.

"For years I suffered terribly with itching and bleeding piles. I tried everything and despaired of ever getting rid of them. It gives me great pleasure to state that Peterson's Ointment entirely cured me, and I sincerely recommend it to all sufferers."—Yours truly, David A. Seymour, Supt. of Parks, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mail orders filled, charges prepaid by Peterson Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

Friendship is one of the various things that cannot be preserved in alcohol.

An Over-ripe Tomato and other over-ripe vegetables or fruits often cause very serious Bowel Trouble in hot weather. Check this quickly as possible. Get a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, a safe and sure remedy for Summer Diarrhoeas. It is just as effective for Adults as for Children.

Girls Have Seats.

Hereafter girl elevator operators of Kansas City, Mo., will have seats in their elevators.

The Malaria Mosquito

A mosquito cannot communicate malaria unless it is infected with malaria. The bite of a malaria mosquito will transmit malarial parasites to the blood of a person and these malarial parasites which feed on the blood should be destroyed before they have time to increase in numbers. Malarial Fever is sometimes called Chills and Fever, Bilious Fever and Swamp Fever.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

possesses the power to entirely neutralize the malarial poison. The Quinine in GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC kills the germ and the Iron enriches the blood.

You can soon feel the Strengthening, Invigorating effect of GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. It is an exceptionally good general strengthening tonic for the Child, for the Mother and all the Family. Pleasant to take. Price 60c.

Perfectly Harmless. Contains No Nux-Vomica or other Poisonous Drugs.

Grove's chill Tonic Tablets

You can now get Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic in Tablet form as well as in Syrup, the kind you have always bought. The Tablets are intended for those who prefer to swallow a tablet rather than a syrup, and as a convenience for those who travel. The tablets are called "GROVE'S chill TONIC TABLETS" and contain exactly the same medicinal properties and produce exactly the same results as Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic which is put up in bottles. The price of either is 60c.

Pa Knows. Willie—Say, pa, what is a rare treat?

Pa—Any kind, nowadays, my boy.—Indianapolis Star.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, Inc., Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Petrograd has Asiatic cholera epidemic.



Puts a ... Stop to all Distemper

And prevents others having the disease no matter how exposed. 60 cents and \$1.15 a bottle, \$5.50 and \$11.00 a dozen bottles. All good druggists and turf goods houses. Spohn Medical Co. Coshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Proof that Some Women do Avoid Operations

Mrs. Etta Dorion, of Ogdensburg, Wis., says:

"I suffered from female troubles which caused piercing pains like a knife through my back and side. I finally lost all my strength so I had to go to bed. The doctor advised an operation but I would not listen to it. I thought of what I had read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and tried it. The first bottle brought great relief and six bottles have entirely cured me. All women who have female trouble of any kind should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

How Mrs. Boyd Avoided an Operation.

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well."

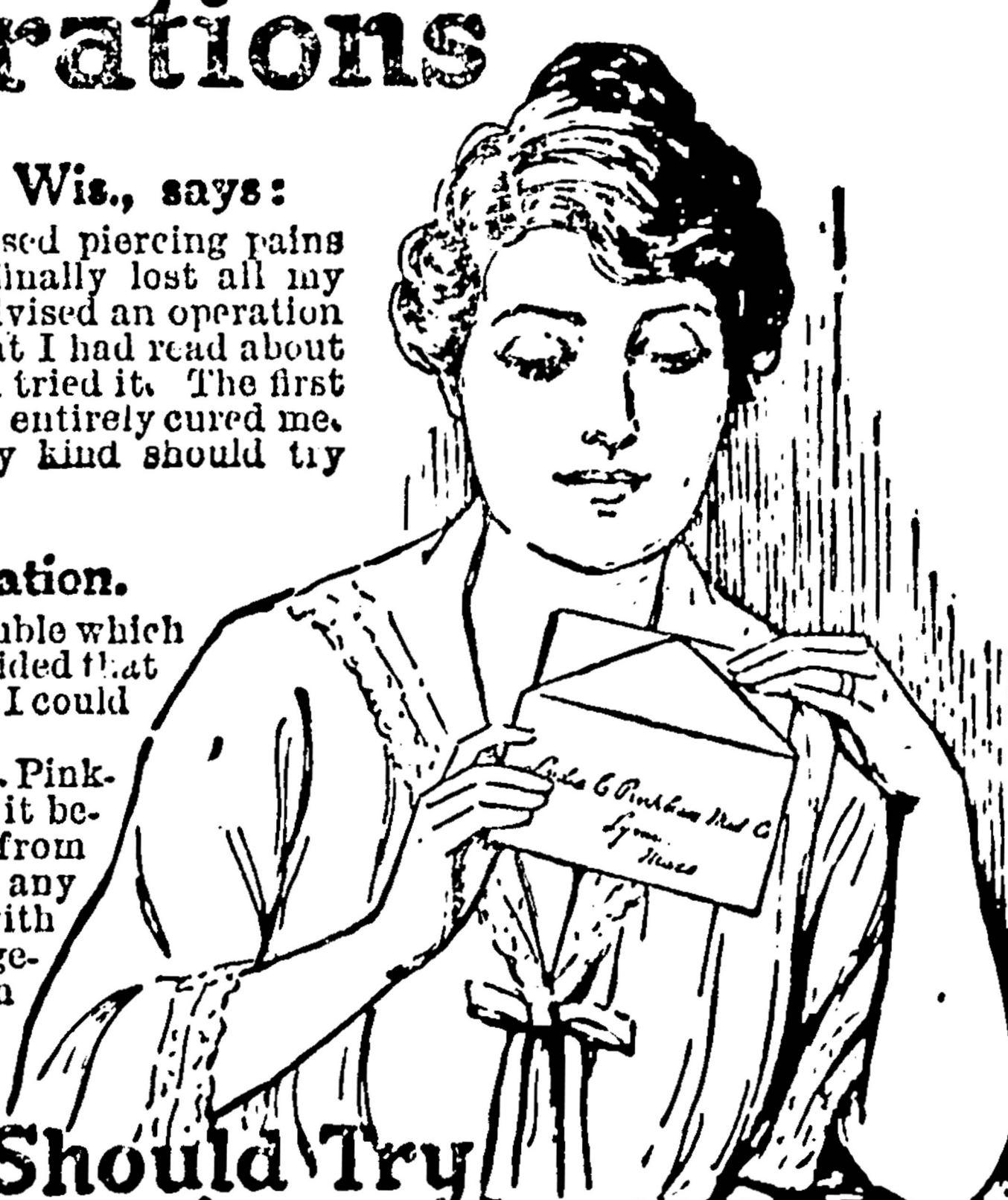
"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 6th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Every Sick Woman Should Try

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Before Submitting To An Operation

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



You Are Dying By Acid

When you have Heartburn, Gas, Bloat, and that Full Feeling after eating. TAKE ONE

EATONIC

FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Get rid of the Overload and Excess Acid and you will fairly feel the GAS driven out of your body—THE BLOAT GOES WITH IT. IT GIVES YOU REAL STOMACH COMFORT

Get EATONIC from your Druggist with the DOUBLE GUARANTEE

Send for the "Help" Book, Address EATONIC Remedy Co., 1015 21 St. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Costs a Cent or Two a Day

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum in advance—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription on the continued unless at the option of the publisher until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement. Advertising rates inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

Entered at the Post Office at New Oxford as second class mail matter.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1918.

3602 Registered.

Adams County registered exactly 3602 men on Thursday, contributing its full share to the latest enrollment for military duty, under the selective service. Though the proportion of Adams County's population is small there were many nationalities represented among the registrants. Greeks, Italians, Danes, Germans, Austrians, and a number of others appeared and put themselves on America's great roll from which will be drawn the reserves which will put an end to the World War and bring permanent peace. As had been expected, the years producing the largest enrollments were the 18, 19, and 20 year boys. At least one man registered who was between the former draft limits. A man 27 years old appeared and asked for registry. He was a newcomer in the county and it was not explained how he had been omitted from the rolls of the other years. The returns from the various districts are as follows:

Abbottstown.....	30
Arendtsville.....	36
Bendersville.....	37
Berwick.....	62
Biglerville.....	60
Butler.....	121
Conewago.....	186
Cumberland.....	143
East Berlin.....	72
Fairfield.....	43
Franklin.....	185
Freedom.....	45
Germany.....	72
Gettysburg.....	370
Hamilton.....	70
Hamiltonban.....	161
Highland.....	44
Huntington.....	137
Latimore.....	110
Liberty.....	63
Littlestown.....	155
Menallen.....	145
McSherrytown.....	167
Mt. Joy.....	137
Mt. Pleasant.....	184
New Oxford.....	87
Oxford.....	91
Reading.....	103
Straban.....	146
Tyrone.....	103
Union.....	97
York Springs.....	32
Unassigned.....	48

Total..... 3602
Serial numbers assigned to every one of the 3611 registrants of last Thursday is evidence that Adams County Draft Board is working with their usual degree of promptness. One copy of the list has been sent to Draft headquarters at Harrisburg and another to Washington, where a drawing similar to the one held last year will be made and order numbers assigned as soon as the various Local Boards have all forwarded their lists of registrants with the serial numbers assigned. Since Thursday nine new names have been added to the list of registrants for Adams County, making a total of 3611. These nine men did not register on Thursday for various reasons, chiefly through a misunderstanding concerning the time their cards had to be sent in. While it is to be expected that with such a large number of men subject to military service there will be a few slackers it is thought that with the possible exception of these all the names are now in the hands of the Local Board.

Distribution of draft questionnaires to Adams county men, which will begin this week, will reveal to the registrants the fact that they are required to set down in government records their most intimate personal affairs, financial, domestic and physical. Facts connected with the classification of men by the boards are public records, but regulations prohibit local draft boards from disclosing for public inspection the answers of registrants on health and dependency subjects.

Adams Woman Fined \$100
Soldiers Each Fined \$50.

Mrs. Walter Adams, of Gettysburg, who is said to have a husband fighting in France, was fined \$100 by the mayor of York, in police court on Thursday, after a hearing for disorderly conduct. Her companion Beulah Seasley, of York, escaped with a fine of \$10. Lieutenant Thomas Nicholas and Lieutenant Rurick K. Anderson, who were arrested with the women, were each fined \$50, while their chauffeur, Sergeant Marcus E. Case, escaped with a fine of \$10. The soldiers are from Camp Colt. The fines of the soldiers were paid, but the women were committed. Hilda Seasley, a sister of one of the prisoners, was committed to the York hospital on account of her physical condition. These two girls ran away from home recently and it is presumed, lived with Mrs. Adams in Gettysburg. The mayor accused Mrs. Adams of leading the York girls astray, hence her heavy fine. Hilda Seasley was not arrested with the others, but was brought down from Gettysburg. Late on Wednesday night Mayor Hugentugler took a survey of the city by automobile and noticed the soldiers meeting the two young women and starting for the country. He pressed Detective Eisenhart into service and they followed to the vicinity of the Five-Mile house, where the detective arrested the quintet. They were brought to York and locked up. In court the mayor told the Adams woman that it is women just like she who bring disgrace on the city. He also warned the Seasley girls against the course upon which they had started. He condemned the soldiers also and told them they had disgraced their uniforms and made it hard for other and decent soldiers. He did not find so much fault with the driver for the reason that the latter was probably acting under orders of his superior officers.—York Gazette.

J. F. Pentz and two sons, Bernard Eck and Walter Miller, of Hanover, captured two coons weighing 13 pounds each, last week.

Marriages.

Miss Ida Thoman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Thoman, of East Berlin, and Edward C. Blessing, of York, were married at Baltimore, on August 24th, by the Rev. Pieper.

Miss Lottie Keeney, daughter of John Keeney, of Hanover, and Corporal Edwin Becker, 61st Battery, Field Artillery, were married on Friday afternoon by Squire Lewis D. Sell, in his office. Corporal Becker is a son of Mrs. Emma Becker, of Hanover.

Verna Mabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Myers, of Newport, Pa., was married to Sergeant Paul L. Brandt, of Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, on Monday, September 9th. The groom was a former principal of the York Springs schools.

Miss Ruth Naomi Eyer and William Edgar Fink were married on September 5th by the Rev. E. Stockslager, at the Mt. Joy parsonage.

Miss Emma Matilda Hofe and Charles M. Heaver were married at Littlestown on Tuesday by the Rev. F. S. Lindaman.

Miss Mary Viola Shultz and Raymond W. Kime were married on Tuesday by the Rev. J. B. Baker, at Gettysburg.

Tuesday evening, September 10, by the Rev. I. S. Ditzler, at the Reformed parsonage in East Berlin, Eli D. Leathery, son of J. C. Leathery and wife, of Mulberry, and Miss Edna V. Zinn, daughter of W. H. Zinn and wife, of near Kralltown.

Harry C. Crum, of Aspers, and Nellie M. Black, Biglerville, were recently married in Gettysburg by Rev. J. B. Baker.

Miss Carrie Lookenbill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lookenbill, and Ralph Rickrode, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Rickrode, both of Hanover, were married on Saturday evening by the Rev. Fr. Huber. Mr. Rickrode is one of the selected men that will be sent to Lehigh University for instructions as a machinist this Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wetzel, of McKnightstown, announce the marriage of their daughter, Beulah C. Wetzel, to Clements E. Cooper, of Chemung, N. Y., Sept. 3rd, at Chemung.

Stork News.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gruver, beyond Abbottstown, recently, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Altland, of near Abbottstown, recently, twin boys.

Mr. and Mrs. William Chronister, of Reading township, September 10th, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Saul Pifer, of Round Hill, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Stough, formerly of Abbottstown, now of Harrisburg, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Staub, of near Pine Run, on Thursday, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Commodore Sanders, of near town, on Monday evening, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hamm, of Paradise township, on Tuesday, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Oyler, of Biglerville, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Benedick, of Abbottstown, on Saturday morning, twin daughters.

Private and Mrs. Clarence Boyer, of of Hanover, Sept. 12th, a son. The father of the child is with the American Forces in France.

The Sick.

The venerable Rev. D. H. Baker, of Abbottstown, has practically recovered from an attack of heart trouble, which confined him to the house for about ten days.

Howard Myers, one of East Berlin's veteran citizens, who had been confined to the house is again able to be about. His wife, who recently fell and fractured an arm, is also improving.

Jere, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lerow, of Latimore, is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

George, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Shanabrook, of Hanover, has contracted diphtheria.

William Elcker, editor and publisher of the Dillsburg "Bulletin" is reported critically ill at his home in that place.

Mrs. Catherine Ritters, of Hanover, is seriously sick, suffering from typhoid fever.

Mrs. Charles Donsen and her two daughters Gladys and Beatrice, 8 and 6 years respectively, of Hanover, are suffering with typhoid fever.

Mrs. John Lookenbill, of Abbottstown, is critically ill, the result of a stroke of paralysis.

Norman, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wildasin, near Abbottstown, who is suffering from typhoid, is improving.

John Lillich, an aged resident of Paradise township, near Abbottstown, was stricken by paralysis early on Sunday morning, and is not expected to recover, tho he recovered consciousness on Tuesday.

Moving Here and There.

E. G. Bahtell, freight and ticket agent at the local W. M. Station, on Saturday moved his household effects by truck from Chambersburg to the Plymire house, on West High street, recently vacated by his predecessor at the Station, Paul M. Starnier, who moved to Gettysburg.

C. E. Martingly has moved from McSherrytown to Hanover.

W. M. Lawrence and family moved via truck from Midway to Philadelphia on Monday.

Granville Slaybaugh moved his household goods on Tuesday via the Gilbert truck from his former home on Lincoln Way, East, to 647 Company street, York, where he has secured employment.

Court Items.

At the September session of Adams County Court on Monday, Judge Sadler, of Carlisle, presided. Edward W. Gilbert, a resident of Philadelphia, was ordered to pay his wife, Edith M. Gilbert, of Littlestown, \$10 a week, on an action brought by his wife for support.

Proof of notice of filing five amended accounts in the estate of W. W. Hafer, dec'd, was filed.

A surprise party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Swope, near town, on Friday evening.

A WAR-TIME MESSAGE
to the
LEADERS OF FASHION

FASHION, usually concerned only with the graces and charms of costuming, now lends its hand to the stern business of war.

Labor, wool, silk, even cotton must be carefully conserved in the styles of this season.

America turns naturally to the leadership of the woman in each community who can achieve this most effectively, most artistically in her war-time wardrobe.

By example she makes conservation charming—and practical for patriotic women. In this way her choice is ultimately the choice of many.

You, who lead in fashions, already know the wanted authentic models.

In the Wooltex Coats and Suits for Fall we show what you consider essential—the slender cloth-saving silhouette—designs that are smart, different, but not in too great a variety—fabrics that are as serviceable as they are beautiful. Each model is a happy style solution of conservation. Not every woman can fol-

low your lead in Wooltex Coats and Suits. We can make under war conditions only enough for eight women in every thousand.

What we have to offer, the choice styles and fabrics, can establish through your influence the keynote of fashions for Fall—save the waste of promiscuous styling—save the waste of adulterated fabrics and careless tailoring.

Time is short. Good garments are scarcer every day. The important thing is to buy carefully and buy now.

In smart shops from Coast to Coast Wooltex Coats and Suits are ready.

For good style, for conservation—you will find no better guide than the well-known Wooltex Label.



Wardrobe-patriotism has fascination indeed when one may choose among a dozen or more Wooltex creations as youthful, as wearable, as this suit in rich Broadcloth. Hudson Seal trims the collar and panels. Twilight, Madure, Bison, Taupe, Liberty Red are the wanted colors. Lined with Peau de Cygne. No. 5080.

G. W. Weaver & Son,

The Leaders,

Gettysburg, Pa.

The Hanover Fair,

HANOVER, PENNA.

September 17th to 20th, 1918.

BIG HORSE, CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW,
FINE DISPLAY OF FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS,
SPECIAL FOOD CONSERVATION SHOW IN MAIN BUILDING.
RACES..... HARNESS AND RUNNING..... RACES
Daily.

Daily Band Concerts by the Famous Farson's Military Band of Baltimore
The Best Free Attractions Obtainable,
Grand Display of Fireworks on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Enlarged Midway.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

S. A. GEISELMAN, Secretary.

For the first time in a number of years, the students who have completed three years of their college course, will be admitted this fall to the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg. The change in requirements was made on account of the curriculum of the college being disrupted by the Students Army Training Corps which will be instituted in all colleges of any size. This will make available about 18 students from the new Senior class at Gettysburg College.

Big Public Cattle Sale

On Friday, September 20, 1918,

We will sell at H. W. Weaver's residence, in sight of Bonneauville, the following High Grade Stock:

50 Heifers, Bulls and Steers,
25 FINE HEIFERS,

Most of them Holsteins and a few Guernseys.

25 BULLS AND STEERS,

Durham and Holstein Stock.

Now remember men this is good clean stock and will be sold for the high dollar.

Also a Few Fine Milch Cows.

Tell and bring your friends along.

Sale begins at 1:30. A credit will be given.

H. J. MARCH & H. W. WEAVER.

The Iver Johnson bicycle of Bernard Flemming, of Hanover, which was stolen by Chief of Police Crabbs near the D. E. on Tuesday evening while standing in Winebrenner cannery factory.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1918.

Local Happenings.

The first battalion of the Tank Corps which left Gettysburg several weeks ago by train for a point of embarkation is now safe overseas.

Wm. Holiday tripped and fell at his home in Hanover recently, and fractured a bone in his left forearm.

Allen Mehrling, of Hanover, paid a fine of \$10 to Burgess H. G. Newcomer for reckless driving and exceeding the speed limit in that borough.

Guy Anthony and Harry Feiser, of East Berlin, have completed a commercial course at Lancaster Business college. Mr. Feiser has accepted a position in York.

George Johnson, of Lattimore township, threshed 10 bushels of cloverseed from a comparatively small piece of land. The seed is said to be selling at \$25 per bushel.

A sow belonging to H. H. Starry, of Lattimore, gave birth to a litter of seven pigs, three of which have only one hind leg apiece.

Eichelberger Park, Hanover, will close its season Saturday, September 21st.

The new Hanover Borough Jail and "House of Detention for Unruly Boys and Girls" is about ready for use.

L. A. Babcock, of Canastota, N. Y., recently accepted the position of general foreman of the Long Furniture Company, Hanover.

A check from Dr. H. A. Stoner, Littlestown, for \$25 was received by the Hanover fire company for their services at the fire several weeks ago.

J. Francis Yake was elected treasurer for McSherrytown, borough to take the place of J. Preston Smith who resigned on account of being called to war.

A. C. Neiderer, of Mt. Rock, took 10 calves to Philadelphia in a truck on Saturday.

The 29-acre farm of Mrs. Emma Felix, near New Chester, offered at public sale on Saturday afternoon was withdrawn at a bid of \$700.

J. W. Cassatt, of McSherrytown, has strawberry plants in his garden which are blossoming. Other strawberry patches in this vicinity are also blossoming.

H. J. March and H. W. Weaver, will have another large cattle sale at Mr. Weaver's residence, near Bonneauville, on Friday, Sept. 20th. See ad.

Thieves visited at Ralph Hoff's, at Round Hill, one night recently and stole a crock of milk and a crock of cream.

Elsworth Border, of Hanover, formerly of near Round Hill, employed at the Long furniture plant, Hanover, is threatened with blood poisoning on his right hand. He is under the care of a physician.

Sunday saw probably less automobiles on the road than on any previous Sabbath since the "gasless" order has been promulgated.

Charles V. Eckenrode, of Littlestown, has accepted a position with the American Can Co., Baltimore, and will move his family there in the near future.

Theo. Pfeiffer Camp No. 60, is planning to hold a festival at the armory on North Peters street on Saturday evening.

John H. Alwood has resigned as constable of the second ward, Hanover.

E. C. Livingston proprietor of the local shoe factory on Thursday surprised his employees by giving them another raise of 10 per cent. in wages, the second within a short time.

While playing with a number of companions Thursday evening, Pauline, the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hawk, of Hanover, fell and fractured her left arm near the elbow.

J. C. Birley, of New Oxford, was arrested on Friday evening by Chief of Police Crabbs for reckless driving about Center Square, Hanover. He was ordered to pay the \$10 fine to Burgess Newcomer.

Dr. George L. Rice, of McSherrytown, has been appointed a member of the Draft Advisory Board of Adams County, of which Judge D. P. McPherson is chairman.

John Teel has resigned his position with W. Bairs Sons, funeral directors, Hanover. Mr. Teel has been in the employ of the firm for the past 18 years. He has accepted a position with the J. S. Young company.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin G. Sheely, Lincoln Way, East, have received a white silk cushion from their son Edward Sheely, who is a member of a U. S. aero squadron in France. The cushion is hand made.

Announcement has been made that the annual meeting of West Pennsylvania Synod of the Lutheran church will be held in St. Matthew's church, Hanover, the second week in October.

Prof. Charles E. Dryden, former head of the department of history and modern languages at Gettysburg College, has resigned as superintendent of the schools of Washington County, Md., a position he has held for two years.

More soldiers continue to come into Gettysburg. Friday night, two full trainloads arrived, and during the week well onto 2000 were added to the men under canvas and in barracks at Camp Colt. It is thought that some will remain at Gettysburg until November 1st before being transferred to the winter camp at Raleigh, N. C.

Shoe Factory to Resume.

Indications point to an early reopening of the New Oxford Shoe factory. W. H. Best, formerly traveling representative of the local factory, who has been dickering for the purchase of the business since its closing last year, has put up a guarantee toward a final transfer, and the deal is expected to be closed in a few days. Mrs. Kate W. Himes, of Center Square, is acting for Capt. W. D. Himes, her son, now overseas, who conducted the business prior to entering the army. Mr. Best is now on a business trip, but has arranged for a meeting for the transfer of the deed within a few days. Just how soon the factory will be reopened is not known.

"That Mr. Best put up a guarantee is a clear indication that he is sincere in the transaction," said Mrs. Himes to an "Item" reporter. "And there is little doubt," she continued "but that the deal will go through." This bit of news is the most cheerful New Oxford has received for some time, and it is to be hoped that the big factory chimney, now idle, may soon be belching forth smoke as of yesteryear. New Oxford needs another industry, and we welcome Mr. Best to our midst.

Auto Struck Buggy.

Paul March, son of County Commissioner H. J. March, of East Berlin, suffered a dislocated left ankle when the Jenny Lind in which he was riding with John Phillips, also of East Berlin, on the Hanover Pike, between East Berlin and the first toll gate, was struck from the rear by the automobile driven by George Feiser, of near the same place, early Saturday evening. Both young men were thrown to the ground, Phillips escaped injury. The vehicle was wrecked, and the horse was thrown to the side of the road and injured. Feiser is said to have been driving his car at an excessive rate and without lights. An X-Ray taken at Gettysburg revealed no bones broken in young March's foot, but the member is severely bruised.

Arrested for Non-Support.

John Eltz of near Hunterstown, was arrested on Monday morning by Constable John Sanders, on a warrant issued by Squire R. M. Staley, of New Oxford, on oath of his wife, Emma Eltz, charged with non-support. In default of bail, the defendant was committed to jail for the action of the grand jury, but later he was released on filing his bond for appearance at court.

Flag to be Dedicated.

A large American silk flag presented by the King's Bible class to the congregation of the First Lutheran church, will be dedicated next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The pastor, the Rev. W. M. Allison, will preach a special patriotic sermon for the occasion, and it is expected that a large congregation of members and friends will be present.

Hand Pierced by Wire.

While working in the Hanover Wire Cloth factory, on Tuesday, Joseph Pohlman, of Mt. Rock, had a wire pierce the third finger of his left hand, causing an injury from which blood poisoning has developed.

Vernon Wagner, druggist, employed by Fred. Winand, at Darby, Pa., recently spent a few days with his mother, Mrs. Geo. Otto, of Boiling Springs, formerly Mrs. Charles Wagner, of this place, on his return trip he stopped over at Philadelphia for a short time, and while he left his suitcase unattended for a short time as he attended to some business, some miscreant got away with his baggage. The suitcase contained clothing and other articles valued at about \$50.

Kicked on the left cheek by a horse which he was leading to a water trough at the barn of his employer, W. H. Stock, of Mt. Pleasant township, on Friday, Bernard Noel, 11-year-old son of Mrs. Henry Noel, of Mt. Rock, suffered a gash 2½ inches in length which required a number of stitches to close at the hands of Dr. A. C. Rice, of McSherrytown.

In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Tschop, York, formerly of East Berlin, G. Russell Tschop states that the abrasion wound received on his left leg while in action in France sometime ago, is healing nicely and he expects to leave the hospital and go to the front soon again.

York Springs was treated to an unusual spectacle on Monday afternoon when an airship passed over the town causing much interest. The pilot was taking a course almost directly east and was traveling at a speed of probably eighty miles an hour and at an altitude of about 2,000 feet.

The Rev. Mr. Brunstetter, pastor, announced on Sunday that there will be two services—morning and evening—in the local M. E. Church, until further notice. The pastor is also organizing a Men's Bible Class among the members of the church.

Geo. C. Harman, of Hanover, a veteran of the Civil War, is experiencing some trouble with the wounds he received in the battle of the Weldon Railroad, Va., August 21, 1864, and a bayonet thrust in the knee at battle of Spottsylvania Court House, in the same year. He is on crutches at this time.

A service flag was unveiled at St. Matthew's Lutheran church, Hanover, at 7 o'clock, on Sunday evening. The flag contains eighty-five stars, representing eighty boys of the church now in the national service, and five who have been honorably discharged.

Serious Accident.

West of Town.

Private E. Campbell, of York, now stationed at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, was rendered unconscious, suffering a severe concussion of the brain with a plausible fracture at the base of the skull, and Mrs. Harvey Swartz, of Biglerville, sustained a broken left leg between the knee and hip, when the Ford taxi of Amos Butt, of Gettysburg, skidded on the oiled Lincoln Highway, west of Swift Run bridge, four miles from town, about 1:30 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and turned turtle in a ditch at the side of the road. The other occupants: Amos Butt, William Yingling, and another Camp Colt soldier were not seriously hurt.

The car was running at a normal speed when the wheels began to skid on the oily surface and all efforts to keep the machine righted proving fruitless it turned turtle, pinning the occupants beneath it. The injured soldier and Mrs. Swartz were pinned tightly, and were released with difficulty by state highwaymen engaged at oiling the road.

Emory Golden, of Bonneauville, who was passing at the time, took Mrs. Swartz to Dr. Crist's office in Gettysburg and she was later removed to her home in Biglerville. A truck driven by Oyley & Spangler's man brought the soldier to Dr. Seaks' office in New Oxford and after his injuries were dressed an ambulance from the camp called for him. On the way to town Campbell lost consciousness, but he was revived in the local doctor's office. Word from the camp hospital is to the effect that the man will recover. The Ford was badly damaged.

Fairfield Woman.

Commits Suicide.

Evidently despondent because of long continued ill health, Mrs. Eliza J. Frey, wife of Christian Frey, committed suicide at her home in Fairfield on Friday afternoon. Her dead body hanging from a rope in the barn, was found about 5 o'clock by her husband and several friends. Mr. Frey had been away from the house during the afternoon, and upon his return found that his wife was not about. He supposed that she was at the home of a neighbor and went about the place doing various tasks. Finally, when his wife did not return, he became alarmed and went with friends in search for her, but no trace of her could be found until Mr. Frey and several men went to the barn. There they were horrified to find her lifeless body suspended by a rope from the ladder leading into the hay mow. The woman had evidently calculated the distance well for her feet were not quite touching the floor. Death had occurred a considerable time before she was found. Mr. and Mrs. Frey had no children living, and her husband is accordingly the only member of the immediate family surviving. She was aged 68 years, 7 months and 19 days.

Underwent Second Operation.

Geo. E. Meekley, son of Ex-Prothonotary and Mrs. George Meekley, who resides on a farm adjoining that of his parents, in Tyrone township, was taken to the York Hospital, on Wednesday and underwent an operation Thursday morning, by Dr. G. E. Spatz, for blood poisoning. Just six weeks previous Mr. Meekley underwent an operation at the same institution for a serious internal trouble. At latest reports the patient was improving.

The time for the raising of the American and Service flags on the large pole which has been erected in the Park at McSherrytown has been set for Wednesday, September 25th. The ceremonies will be preceded by a parade. Prominent speakers will deliver addresses. The Rev. Wilbur Allison, pastor of the New Oxford and McSherrytown Lutheran churches, is listed among the speakers.

At the weekly meeting of the Adams County Price Fixing Committee on Tuesday night it was decided to raise the price of sugar at once from 9 cents to 11 cents a pound, and 10½ cents a pound on purchases of two or more pounds. This rise is on all stock received since last Saturday and reflects the wholesale advance which was fixed by the Federal Food Administration.

At the monthly meeting of the School board held last week, it was decided to close the public schools of the borough this Thursday in order to allow all pupils and teachers who desire to do so, attend the Hanover Fair. The board also instructed the principal to see that the law requiring every pupil to be vaccinated is carried out in New Oxford.

The contest given out last spring at the Arendtsville school to several of the boys who could raise the largest hog in six months, was won by Gift Walter, son of Howard Walter. His pig weighed 33 pounds when 7 weeks old; now it weighs 237 pounds and is 180 days old. The highest gain made was 23 pounds in 8 days.

Over 265 quarts of canned fruit, a barrel of vegetables, and 24 glasses of jelly gathered by Junior C. E. children were sent to Mrs. Monroe's Mission in Washington, by the members of St. James Lutheran church, Gettysburg on Sunday. Sunday was Harvest Home Sunday in the church.

Miss Ada Klunk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Klunk, of McSherrytown, left on Wednesday to enter St. Joseph's Convent, at Chestnut Hill, as a novice. This is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Klunk to enter St. Joseph's Convent to become a Sister.

Eleven Sons for Service.

From New Oxford Family.

New Oxford again comes to the fore with a challenge to the country. The town now claims to have a family of more sons eligible for Uncle Sam's service than any other in the land. On Thursday, September 12th, seven stalwart sons of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Miller, of Hanover street, presented themselves for enrollment in the fight for democracy; and in addition to these, two sons are now in service, with two others under deferred classification—making a grand total of eleven. Needless to say, Mr. Miller, who is a prominent member of W. C. No. 22, of New Oxford, is a strong supporter of Colonel Roosevelt. With this enrollment, the Millers have the edge on the Smiths in numbers for the army, it is claimed.

Lieut. Warren ("Jim") Miller, is wearing a glorious wounded stripe in action overseas. Sgt. Cloyd Miller expects soon to get into things as a sharp shooter. Guy and Wiest Miller are married and have been given deferred classification, the former being employed by the government at Chester. Joseph ("Devil") and Harold Miller have yet to reach manhood, but are over 18; and they are keen to get a shot at the Hun. The five other sons to enroll are: Frank ("Taft"), Charles G., W. Hafer, Mark and Ralph V. Miller. Father and mother are proud of their boys, and indeed they have a right to be.

Not to be outdone by their brothers, the Misses Eliza and Lydia Miller and Mrs. Nina Faulkner are busily engaged sewing for the Red Cross.

Another Manpower Family.

Coming close on to the record set by the Miller family is that of the family of Mrs. Ellen Swamley, of West High street, which comprises six sons and two sons-in-law, all of whom are of draft age, four being in service: Lieut. Daniel Swamley Eyttinge, a flight commander with the Royal Flying Corps, at Camp Rathburn, Deseronto, Canada. He expects to be sent to France in a short time. Heimer, another son, has been in active service in France since May 30th, last. Samuel, a third son, is in training at Camp Lee. Lieut. W. L. Crawford, M. C., a son-in-law, of Dillsburg, is at Camp Wadsworth, S. C., with the Coast Artillery. Neely, John and Paul Swamley are other sons enrolled, along with a second son-in-law, J. V. Crabbs.

Man Has Perilous Ride.

Horse Is Killed.

Struck by the rapidly moving west-bound passenger train, on the W. M. RR. at the crossing east of Gettysburg on Thursday morning, John Noel, of Stone Jug, had a remarkable escape from serious injury or death. His horse was killed, his buggy smashed to kindling and he was picked up by the pilot of the locomotive and carried for 700 feet. When the train came to a standstill he stepped off the pilot, his whip in one hand, his pipe in the other, and with no apparent evidence of any injury except a slight cut between the eyes. Mr. Noel was driving from Hunterstown to Gettysburg and as he approached the crossing, looked to the west for trains but apparently did not see the oncoming morning passenger from Baltimore. The train was going down grade when it piled into the horse and vehicle. The horse was thrown about 60 feet, one of its legs cut off, another broken, and these with other injuries caused its death. Everybody who saw the accident expected to find the lifeless form of Noel lying somewhere, or possibly cut into bits. Instead he was practically unharmed, and stepped to the ground somewhat unharmed otherwise little hurt.

Two young girls were arrested on serious charges in Hanover on Thursday night by Lieutenant Watson Cole, of Camp Colt, and were lodged in the York city lockup for the night. They are Mabel Angel and Virginia Miller. At the hearing before Squire Sell Saturday morning, the defendants pleaded guilty and were committed to jail to await action of the Grand Jury. The girls pleaded guilty in court on Monday of fornication with the soldiers. A fine of \$25 in each case was imposed to gether with costs of suit. Not being able to pay, the girls were taken back to jail where they must serve three months.

More than 1,500 persons witnessed the ceremonies on Wednesday evening at St. Joseph's Catholic church, Hanover, when a service flag, 4 x 6 feet in size, donated by the Rev. James Huber, and containing 40 stars for 39 men and one woman who have gone out from the parish, whose membership is 700, into the service of Uncle Sam, was unfurled.

Walter Weaver, and Sterling Yingling, both of Hanover, suffered injuries when thrown from a motorcycle operated by Weaver collided with a Buick roadster of N. McC. Davidson. Weaver is suffering with a sprained ankle and his right arm badly bruised. Yingling was slightly injured. The motorcycle was badly damaged.

Treva, Cathleen and Mertice Marsh, deaf and dumb children of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Marsh, of Hanover, were taken to the Mt. Airy Deaf and Dumb School, near Philadelphia, on Thursday morning. This is the second term for these children at Mt. Airy.

A surprise party was tendered W. Hafer Miller, in honor of the 37th anniversary of his birthday at his home on Lincoln Way, East, by a large number of relatives and friends, on Thursday evening. Refreshments were served.

Taken by Death.

Samuel M. Dotterer died at his home in Gettysburg, on Thursday morning after an illness of several months, aged 64 years, 11 months and 9 days. He was taken ill on July fourth last, the immediate cause of his death being acute dilatation of the heart. He leaves his wife who, before marriage, was Miss Josepha Pfeiffer, of Gettysburg. He also leaves two sisters and a brother.

Edward Reese, veteran of the Civil War, and one of the oldest residents of the county died on Wednesday morning at his home in Hamilton township near Iron Springs from infirmities. He was aged 88 years, 7 months and 11 days. Mr. Reese was born at Fountain Dale and spent his entire life in Hamilton township. For five years he was supervisor in his township. He was a member of James Dixon Post, G. A. R., of Fairfield. Mrs. Reese died ten years ago and he leaves one son and one daughter: John E. Reese, of near Brush Run Station, and Mrs. Margaret Smith, of near Iron Springs. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Madison Shindlecker, of Fairfield, and Mrs. Julia Ann Stoops, of Waynesboro.

Earl Leroy Feiser, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert R. Feiser, of near New Chester, died at their home on Friday morning, aged 2 days. Interment was made at Bartholomew's church, beyond Hanover.

Mrs. Emma Houck, of York, 56 years old, died on Tuesday night, at her residence. Death followed an illness of four weeks' duration and was due to complications. She is survived by two sons, Ernest, at home, and Harry, of Philadelphia. The family formerly resided in Hanover.

Philip C. Eppelman, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip C. Eppelman, of Guernsey, died Thursday, from a complication of diseases, aged 1 month and 25 days.

William Florence, a well known resident of near Emmitsburg, died at his home on Friday morning from dropsy and Bright's disease, aged 72 years. He leaves his wife, three daughters and three sons: Mrs. Edgar Hummerick, of Emmitsburg; Mrs. Jas. McDonnell, and Miss Alice Florence, of Gettysburg; Andrew and George Florence, in the American Expeditionary Forces, and Vincent Florence, Camp Greenleaf, Lytle, Georgia.

John Augustus Sadler, infant son of Charles and Ruth Sadler, Hanover street, died at 10 o'clock on Saturday from a complication of diseases, aged 3 months and 14 days. Interment was made in the New Oxford Cemetery, on Monday afternoon.

Daniel S. Reynolds died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Harvey Hoffman, in Straban township, at 8 o'clock on Friday morning after a lingering illness from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy which he received several years ago. He was aged 69 years, 8 months and 25 days. He resided at the old Reynolds home in Straban township, near Granite, for 35 years, but since his wife's death two years ago, he had been making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Hoffman, and his son, Irvin Reynolds. They are the only two members of the family surviving.

Mrs. Annie Smith, wife of Joseph Smith died at her home near McSherrytown, at 2:30 o'clock on Friday afternoon from typhoid fever, aged 25 years, 6 months and 13 days. She leaves her husband and a daughter two weeks old. She also leaves her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Orndorff, of Bonneauville, and these brothers and sisters: Mrs. Arthur Coloe, of Baltimore; Mrs. William Weaver, of Bonneauville; Fabian Orndorff, of Camp Greenleaf, Ga.; Regina, Raymond, Lawrence and Allen Orndorff, all at home.

Mary Ellen, wife of Jacob F. Quickel, died at her home near Guernsey on Sunday evening, from uraemic poisoning and dropsy, aged 65 years. Besides her husband she leaves a son and 2 daughters, Harry Quickel, at home; Mrs. Edward Lauer, of Biglerville; and Miss Sarah C. Quickel, of Philadelphia. She is also survived by three brothers and one sister: Amos D. Adams, of Iowa; John V. Adams, of Youngstown, Ohio; Harvey Adams, of Gettysburg; and Mrs. Jacob Guise, of Straban township. Mrs. Quickel was a daughter of the late Capt. William Adams, of Biglerville.

Peter Slusser, last member of the Daniel Slusser family, of Mt. Tabor, and a prominent stone mason of Adams and Cumberland counties, died at the home of his daughter, Mr. Renzel Albright, at Gardeners, on Sunday evening from dropsy of the heart, aged 78 years. He leaves his wife, two sons and two daughters.

Franklin A. Weaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Weaver, of Hanover, died early Sunday morning following a two days sickness from diphtheria. He was aged 4 years, 10 months and 4 days.

The offering for benevolence at the Harvest Home services in the Lutheran church, Abbottstown, Sunday morning, amounted to \$31, which will be given to the Tressler Orphan Home at Loyseville.

Tilken Young, of Hanover, narrowly escaped being injured on Monday evening when his horse kicked until the wagon was demolished and he was freed from the harness.

Miss Anna Spahr, of Berlin avenue, is enjoying a second crop of lovely ripe raspberries from her garden. The fruit tastes especially delicious at this time.

For failing to register on Thursday, Geo. Williams, 38, of near Delta, was apprehended, a slacker, and will likely be sent in the next contingent.

Because of labor conditions, oysters will be a luxury this winter.

Officers Elected.

The Adams County Sunday school convention which was held in the Lutheran church on Wednesday and Thursday came to a close on Thursday evening. The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: President, M. E. Krown, Biglerville; vice presidents, the Rev. Paul I. Pontius, Gettysburg; Frank Waybright, Littlestown; H. F. Stambaugh, Abbottstown; the Rev. T. C. Hosen, Arendtsville, and H. H. Starry, York Springs; corresponding secretary, Miss Lillie Dougherty, of Gettysburg; recording secretary, Miss Isabelle Taylor, Arendtsville; treasurer, E. P. Miller, Gettysburg; musical director, L. L. Taylor, Gettysburg; department superintendents, Miss Kate Gilbert, of elementary department, T. J. Wiesbrenner, secondary department, and O. B. C., the Rev. S. F. Tholan; teacher training, E. C. Stover, Arendtsville; home department, L. M. Allemen, Littlestown; rule department, Miss Esther Greenholt, McSherrytown; missionary, Miss Nettie Swartz, New Oxford; temperance, Charles Jacobs, East Berlin. There were seventy-five delegates from the county in attendance. It was stated that this was the most interesting convention held for a number of years. Lieut. Boyer, who saw active service in France for nearly a year, gave an interesting talk.

The sessions thruout the convention were well attended, and much interest taken in the timely subjects which were discussed by the speakers. The program was carried out as planned by the committee, every speaker being present. The reason which was in charge of the Ackley brothers, of Philadelphia, was one of the attractions of the convention. The reports which were given at the Thursday morning session showed that the Sunday school work in the county is keeping up to the mark, with the exception of a slight decrease in the enrollment. There are 83 Sunday schools in the county, with 38 home departments, 84 cradle rolls, 45 schools having organized adult Bible classes, about 50 having organized young people's classes, and 16 with qualified teacher training classes.

By vote of the convention it was decided to raise the County dues to 3 cents per member instead of 2 cents as heretofore, to meet a budget of \$500 which was presented by the committee in charge. It was also decided to hold a 10 per cent increase campaign sometime before January 1st, each Sunday school to use its own discretion as to the best time to carry on this campaign. Another important suggestion was that each Sunday school appoint a war activity committee to have full charge of all the war activities in the Sunday school.

More than 200 delegates are expected to attend the one hundred and twenty-ninth annual sessions of the Pennsylvania conference of the United Brethren church, to be held in Hanover beginning October 9th and ending Sunday evening, October 13th. The Rev. Z. A. Colestock, the veteran minister, will be present at the sessions and is on the program for an address to be delivered on Friday morning of conference week. Dr. Colestock has not missed an annual conference for 75 years. He is now 90 years of age. Rev. Colestock is a native of near Littlestown.

O. H. Steele, of Pittsburgh, on Monday recovered his Apperson roadster which was repaired at the Lincolnway garage, following a collision with another car on August 10th west of town while being driven by four boys who were apprehended at the scene as having stolen the machine. The boys were placed in the bore jail but they escaped during the afternoon. Only one of the thieves Russell Turner, 19, was recaptured at Bittinger by Chief Crabbs, of Hanover. He was placed in the Gettysburg jail. The machine was badly damaged.

William Malaun, whose home is in Hampton, was arrested Saturday evening by officer Berkheimer, of Hanover, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He was placed in the Hanover jail and Sunday morning was given a hearing before Burgess Newcomer who fined him \$3. After paying his fine he was sent out of the town.

A W. M. shifter struck a dray team of the Hanover Transfer Co. in Hanover, on Tuesday morning. The wagon was overturned and the tongue was broken off. A consignment of goods was slightly damaged. Driver Hildebrand jumped between the horses thus escaping injury. The horses also escaped injury.

Jacob Hokenbill, of Hanover, who was arrested several weeks ago by Chief of Police Crabbs on oath of Court Detective Elsbesser, York, charging him with a serious crime was given a hearing Saturday morning before Justice Sell, after which the defendant was discharged for want of sufficient evidence.

While operating a sewing machine Monday evening, Mrs. Harry Raubenstine, of Hanover, suffered a painful injury when the needle pierced the first finger of her left hand and broke off.

At a meeting held Monday evening under the direction of the War Camp Community Service people, a permanent local organization was effected, officers elected and steps taken at the suggestion of the National headquarters for the regulation of prices charged by Gettysburg merchants. It is said that the latter action came about through a newspaper article having been called to the attention of the National body, containing an account of the agitation started by the Camp Colt publication.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sadler desire to thank neighbors and friends for kindness rendered during the illness and after the death of their son John A. Sadler.

Just received a big supply of Security Calf Food, the best feed in the world to raise fine calves and pigs. It is a whole milk feed substitute. When feeding it you dispense with fresh milk, except 2 quarts—2 quarts the first day and 1 quart the second day—none after that. This food compound is equally as good if fed to small pigs as it is for calves. Come in and see us about it.

S. J. Diehl, Warehouse, Bell Phone 83 R12, Abbottstown, Pa.

FOR SALE.—Organs good as new. Just cleaned and tuned. Call on Nace's, Hanover, Pa.

Owing to the congestion in freight the embargo is still on wheat and we will buy no grain until further notice.

J. H. Duttons.

WANTED.—1000 chickens at 20¢ per old hens, and 20¢ for old roosters. 10¢ for address. Allgood House, Abbottstown, Pa.

YANKS BLOCKED DRIVE ON PARIS

Advancing Foe Had Surprise of
Life When He Found Ameri-
cans in Line.

GRAPHIC STORY IN LETTER

Tells of Our Troops' Heroic Resist-
ance in June—Held by Many Offi-
cers to Have Saved Paris
From Huns.

Washington.—A graphic eyewitness account of the fighting near Chateau-Thierry, in which American divisions, including the marine brigade, took part, early in June, was made public recently by the navy department. It is in the form of a long letter from an officer of the marines to Major General Barnett, commander of the corps, and the story told is of peculiar significance, as in the opinion of many officers here it was the stand of the Americans along this line which saved Paris.

The name of the writer is not disclosed. The Americans were rushed to the line in motortrucks to support the hard-pressed French. On June 1 the marine brigade deployed in a support position, the battalion commanded by Maj. Thomas Holcomb hurrying into the line as the men climbed out of the trucks. The Germans were coming on, and June 2 the French dropped back, passing through the American lines.

"We had installed ourselves in a house in La Voie Chateau, a little village between Chantillon and Lucy-le-Bocage," the letter says. "From one side we had observation of the north and northeast. They came out on a wonderfully clear day in two columns across a wheat field. We could see the two twin brown columns advancing in perfect order until two-thirds of the columns, we judged, were in sight.

Foe Slowed Up by Shrapnel.
"The rifle and machine gun fire was incessant and, overhead, shrapnel was bursting. Then the shrapnel came on the target at each shot. The white patches would roll away, and we could see that some of the columns were still there, slowed up, and it seemed perfect suicide for them to try.

"Then, under that deadly fire and a barrage of rifle and machine-gun fire, the Boche stopped. It was too much for any men.

"That men should fire deliberately, and use their sights and adjust their range," he says, "was beyond their experience. It must have had a telling effect on the morale of the Boche, for it was something they had not counted on. As a matter of fact, after pushing back the weakened French and then running up against a stone wall of defense, they were literally 'up in the air' and more than stopped. We found that out later from prisoners, for the Germans never knew we were in the front line when they made that attack. They were absolutely mystified at the manner in which the defense stiffened up, until they found that our troops were in line."

The letter tells in detail of the days of fighting that followed. It describes a daylight charge against a machine gun host and of scouting raids up to June 6, when the whole brigade swung

forward to straighten out the line. This action resulted in the capture of Belleau wood.

Hit Three Times, Still Fought on.
Major Sibley's battalion of the Sixth marine regiment led the way here, with Holcomb in support. The woods were alive with enemy machine guns. That night word came back that Robertson, with 20 men of the Ninety-sixth company, had taken Bourges, breaking through a heavy machine gun barrage to enter the town. Robertson, fighting with an automatic in either hand, was hit three times before he would allow himself to be taken to the rear.

Speaking of individual acts of bravery the writer says Duncan, a company commander, "before he was mowed down had his pipe in his mouth and was carrying a stick." Later he adds, "Dental Surgeon Osborne picked up Duncan and with a hospital corps man had just gained some shelter when a shell wiped all three out."

Private Dunlavy, killed later, captured an enemy machine gun in Bourges, which he turned on the foe with great effect, while at another point "Young Timmerman charged a machine gun at the point of the bayonet and sent in 17 prisoners at a clip."

"When the enemy made a stand at one point in the woods Sibley's battalion was withdrawn and for an hour

MINISTERS GO TO WAR, ALL CHURCHES CLOSED

Albany, N. Y.—With the enlistment of Rev. William Wallace Eaton, pastor of the Methodist church, Schenectady church- es are without ministers.

Every church in the village has been closed up, temporarily at least, for the call of Uncle Sam.

Rev. Mr. Eaton will soon be on his way to France for work with the Y. M. C. A.

and fifty minutes American and French batteries hammered the wood. Hughes, with the Tenth company, then went in, and his first message was that the wood had been cut to mince-meat. Overton, leading the Seventy-sixth company, finally charged the rock plateau, killing or capturing every gunner and capturing all the guns, with few casualties.

The Eighty-second company lost all its officers, and Major Sibley and his adjutant, Lieutenant Ballamy, reorganized it under fire and charged a machine gun nest at the most critical time in all the fighting.

"I wonder if ever an outfit," the letter said, "went up against a more desperate job, stuck to it gamely, without sleep, at times on short rations, with men and officers going off like flies, and I wonder if in all our long list of gallant deeds there ever were two better stunts than the work of Sibley and Holcomb."

Spy Rounded Up By Trap Shooter

Paris.—There is a certain United States signal service sergeant up in the 'four sector at the front who has been able of late to combine a little pleasure with his business. The censor won't let one tell the sergeant's name, but without revealing any military information it may be said that before the war the sergeant was rated as one of the top guns at a well-known trap-shooting club in the States.

There is not much trap-shooting just now in France. They are not cracking away at live birds, either. But the sergeant got his pigeon shooting just the same.

The particular front in which the sergeant operates is infested with German spies.

All sorts of things were happening. A "rump" battery, one of those particular guns that whisks up, slams a few at the Fritzies, then slides out on the jump, found itself being shelled the instant it lined up for a shot. Again, every time there was a troop movement, the movement was anticipated by the Boche. Beside that, every time a body of our men got together for any purpose whatever, the Germans shelled them with everything they had, big guns included.

Tipping Off the Hun.

Now, the Hun doesn't use his big guns unless he knows what he's shooting at. How he learned, however, was pretty evident. Some back of our lines was tipping him off.

The signal service sergeant was the first to detect how it was done. His

squad was repairing signal wires back of the trenches. The sergeant halted in his work and gazed skywards. A pigeon was going over his head. The sergeant watched it idly, calculating as he stood there how far he'd lead it with a 12-gauge. Then with a sigh he went to laying a wire again.

A few minutes later the sergeant stopped again. Another pigeon had risen from the wood. But a few minutes later, when a third pigeon rose from the wood, the former trap-shooter tarried no longer. A half hour later he halted into the quartermaster's department, elicited a salute and spoke hurriedly.

"Gimme a shotgun," he demanded.

Shotguns are a regular part of certain quartermaster's supplies. Soon the sergeant might have been seen standing behind a hedgerow gazing toward the nearby wood. Presently he was seen to stiffen, at the same time murmuring "pull." The 12-gauge swung briefly in an arc; a crack and a crumpled ball of feathers came tumbling toward earth. To make sure, the sergeant gave it a second barrel just before it hit the earth.

Clever Shooting.

It was pretty clever shooting. The bird was high, going over fast and quartering. "Kill," murmured the sergeant methodically, as he retrieved the fallen game.

That afternoon the sergeant got four other birds. Attached to a leg of each pigeon was a code message in German handwriting.

A short time later a detachment of military police got the owner of the pigeons. In his house and sabot he looked like any of the peasants tilling the fields behind the lines. On being stripped, however, he proved to be a German under cover. Since his capture the nightly bombardment of the "Y" huts and other places where soldiers congregate has been more or less haphazard. The Fritzies still chuck heavy stuff at them, but thanks to the exp-pigeon shot, the sergeant, they are not scoring as frequently as formerly. "It's him cards they're bringing in," says the sergeant.

"Girl in Every Port."

Boston, Mass. Writing to members of Fraternity Lodge of Rebekahs in Milford, Lieut. Elbert M. Crockett, now on war duty in France, says:

"Censoring the letters of the boys to their sweethearts back home is one of the jobs I'm up against most every night. Some of them have but one sweetheart, and some of them have two, three and four."

ANCIENT DEED IS RECORDED

Placed on File in County Recorder's Office 100 Years After It Was Drawn.

Lawrenceville, Ind.—A deed issued to Jesse M. Laird by the United States government in May, 1810, for 65 acres of land on Wilson creek, Dearborn county, has been placed on the books of the county recorder's office for the first time. The original tract of land consisted of 640 acres and was bought at \$1.25 an acre by Mr. Laird and his wife. The 65 acres, with the homestead, has not left the family and is now owned by Samuel M. Laird, his grandson. Jesse M. Laird and his wife are said to have been the first white settlers on Wilson creek.

Peach Pits Help Win War.

Yakima, Wash.—Peach pits from the orchards of the Yakima valley are helping to win the war in the front line trenches of Europe. The pits are used in the manufacture of gas masks, the charcoal produced from them having superior absorbent qualities.

MAN IS NOW AT HIS BEST

There Has Been No "Moral and Physical Degeneration" of the Race.

The big average height of the men drafted into the United States army is being widely commented upon in the press, and it appears that the facts justify the favorable remarks being made, says a writer in Montreal Gazette. Records of the quartermaster's office show that the Americans who are doing the army uniform today are bigger than the men who fought in former wars. The size most in demand for the standard army shoe in the past was 7E, while the average size of the marching shoe today is 8½D and that of the field or trench shoe 9E. Two styles are issued, for it has been found by experiment that soldiers require a larger shoe for the trenches, it being necessary to wear two pairs of socks at a time in cold wet weather. Similarly, the present-day American soldier has to be provided with a size larger than his predecessor in coats, shirts and breeches. He is a bigger man all around, which is decidedly satisfactory from the national point of view.

Events in other belligerent lands since the war began have served to prove that men generally are as strong physically and morally as ever they were in history. The long campaign in the trenches in Europe has put the soldiers to a greater test than the fighting men of the past were submitted to in the worst of the numerous old wars. They have stood that test, and the hundreds of thousands who survive the cannon's blast and the rifle's bullet will emerge physically fine specimens of manhood.

It is not necessary to look to the United States or over to Europe to see that the human race has not deteriorated. Canada is a small nation compared with its tremendous neighbor and with other allies. It had a population at the census of 1911 of 7,200,000, about half of whom are males. Out of the young men part of this total 500,000 men have measured up to the severe medical test of the army, and some tens of thousands of others have been examined and rejected for minor defects that do not interfere with their life as civilians, and do not threaten to shorten their days appreciably. The men who were taken to the field of war have lived in the open, through the heat of summer and the cold and snow and wet of winter, and the thunder of guns has been constantly in their ears.

The stress of the deadliest warfare has not broken their spirit, and they stand ready today to face attack from a powerful enemy and to deliver it in return. In view of these facts, the little bodies of gloomy and narrow-minded persons who meet periodically and resolve that the race is degenerating physically and morally should rest from their croaking for the time being. Actual conditions are confounding their slanderous assertions. The race is stronger today than ever.

Chemists May Win War

Seek Poison Gas That Will Destroy Whole Armies.

American chemists working on the poison gas problem may bring the war to a victorious close for the allies in their laboratories.

They are working hard, together with British chemists, to find a colorless, odorless and invisible gas, which, sweeping over a sleeping army, would destroy it.

The Germans are also working to find such a gas. Whoever side finds it first will win the war, declares a Washington writer.

The "gas shell" is not necessarily a shell. It may contain a liquid or even a solid, and it opens up the whole sphere of organic chemistry to be drawn upon for materials.

In every German drive this year there has been a gas strategy. Full dress rehearsals in gas maneuvers to meet every possible situation were held by the Germans before an attack.

In the March drive captured maps show the Germans had worked out a zoning system over allied territory. Some zones were drenched with gas and others left untouched. The German attacking troops were supplied with maps to indicate the safety zones through which they might pass without harm.

Some zones were subjected to ephemeral gases which evaporated before the arrival of the oncoming Germans. Other areas were bombarded with several hundred thousand shells, the gas from which lingered for hours. On one seven-mile sector the Germans discharged 125,000 12-pound shells in one day.

The "front" is not the solid line it looks to be on the maps. It is a series of strongly-held posts, often hills. The Germans use gas shells against these strongholds, attempt to drive the defenders from them and to pass through the safety zones between.

Here and There.

The duchess of Marlborough is leading a movement among English women to sell their family jewels for war funds.

There are now 29 aviation training fields operated by the government in different parts of the United States.

An order for 240,000 pairs of knee-length rubber boots for the French army has been placed with American manufacturers.

Australians are experimenting with a mammoth oil-driven harvester which strips grain fields at a rate of about 60 acres a day.

Toad in the Garden Destroys Many Insects During the Day

The toad is useful because of its diet. No less than 83 species of insects, mostly injurious, have been proved to enter into its dietary. In his "Civic Biology" George W. Hunter says: A toad has been observed to snap up 128 flies in half an hour. Thus at a low estimate it could easily destroy a thousand insects during a day and do an immense service to the garden during the summer. It has been estimated by Kirland that a single toad may, on account of the cutworms which it kills, be worth \$19.88 each season it lives, if the damage done by each cutworm be estimated at only one cent. Toads also feed upon slugs and other garden pests.—Popular Science Monthly.

Former Boston Brave Roasts Ball Players Deserting Clubs to Take Steel League Jobs

Walter (Rabbit) Maranville, a chief gunner's mate on the battleship Pennsylvania, former Boston Brave shortstop, and one of the greatest infielders of the National league, criticizes baseball players who are deserting



Walter Maranville.

their clubs to take positions in the Steel league and to play with shipbuilding concerns.

He says the move displays a lack of patriotism and is not helping the sport, inasmuch as the people who support the game do not think highly of these men.

"Ball players who are in the draft and jump their clubs to go to work in the steel and shipbuilding leagues are not doing baseball a bit of good," said Maranville. "They also are not helping Uncle Sam. They are not skilled enough to be of much use in those concerns and their chief object is to play ball. Fans will remember the players who left their clubs, and after the war is over those who come back undoubtedly will be tormented all around the circuit for their act."

This Country Now Produces Indigo Made From Coal Tar

Indigo is now being made from coal tar in this country. At Midland, Mich., 1,000 pounds of 20 per cent paste are produced daily, reports Popular Science Monthly. All the tariff bills of this nation, commencing with the tariff of March 3, 1883, and including the tariff of October 3, 1913, placed indigo on the free list. Not until September 9, 1916, was a bill passed putting a duty on it. It was the first schedule that braved the anger of the German dyemakers.

Good-By, Sugar Bowl!

Sugar bowls will be eliminated on dining cars as a part of the conservation program of the food administration and hereafter not more than two half lumps or one teaspoonful of sugar a meal will be served. The information was contained in a message to the food administration from B. S. Harvey of Chicago, chairman of the administrative committee of dining car superintendents.

New Electric Heaters.

Vessels lined with metal that will conduct electricity to heat liquids as they are poured from one to another have been patented by an inventor in Pennsylvania.

Sensations of an Airplane Man Detailed as to Thrills Experienced at Dizzy Height

The trials for my military brevet were far the most interesting thing I have done in aviation. On finishing the 60-horse power Bleriot class, I was told that I would have to do my brevet work on a small Caudron biplane, as there were no Bleriot's available, writes Nordhoff in Atlantic Monthly.

Off she went with a roar, all ten cylinders firing perfectly, so I motioned the mechanic to pull out the blocks from before the wheels. A quick rush and a turn headed me into the wind, and the next moment the starter's arm shot forward.

Old 2887 is a bully bus. I was off the ground and heading up in forty yards. It was rather an occasion for a beginner who had never before flown over 2,500 feet. The little Caudrons, of course, are not high-powered, but she climbed splendidly. In ten minutes I was circling over the camps at 3,800 feet and in twenty I had reached 6,000, just under the roof of the clouds. There was only one blue hole through, so up this funnel I climbed in decreasing circles, till I finally burst out into the gorgeous upper sunlight.

At 8,000 feet I began to float about in a world of utter celestial loneliness—dazzling pure sun, like the water of a coral atoll, and beneath me a billowy sea of clouds, stretching away to infinity. Here and there, from the cloudy prairies great fantastic mountain ranges reared themselves; foot hills and long divides, vast snowy peaks, impalpable sisters of Orizaba or Chimborazo, and deep gorges, ever narrowing, widening or deepening, across whose shadowy depths drove ribbons of thin gray mist.

Once, as I was sailing over a broad canyon, I saw far off in the south a dark moving dot and knew with a sudden thrill that another man like myself, astride his gaudy buzzing bird, was exploring and marveling at this upper dream world.

New Seed Oils Will Supply Valuable Food, Tests Made By Government Have Proved

In experiments to determine the digestibility of oils made from corn, soy beans, sunflower seeds, Japanese mustard seed, rape seed, and charlock seed—oils not now commonly in use—the United States department of agriculture found that they are well assimilated, and in value compare favorably with other vegetable oils.

These digestion experiments, reported in Bulletin 687 published by the department, are a part of the series which is being conducted by the department to determine the digestibility of various foods. During the test period (three days) in which the oils referred to constituted practically the entire sources of fat, the subjects ate on an average of 53 to 90 grams per day, and did not report any ill effects. To judge by their digestibility these oils, according to the bulletin, should prove satisfactory sources of fat for the dietary.

IT IS TO LAUGH

Getting the Expression.

"Will you take something to drink?" asked the photographer.
"With pleasure," the sitter replied.
The photograph was taken and the sitter said:
"But what about the little invitation?"
"Oh, that's just a professional ruse of mine to give a natural, interested expression to the face."

In All Sincerity.

"I made a bad break just now."
"How so?"
"I told Miss Passee I'd ask her to dance, only there wasn't room on the floor to swing a cat!"

A Hot One.

Mrs. A.—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, five years ago.
Miss B.—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperone for me when I came out.

Just Like People.

"Microbes are not all of one kind."
"No, indeed; there are romantic microbes that live in kisses, and mercenary microbes that live on dollar bills."

Strayed Away.

Advertisement
—Lost while going home to Brookline, black leather handbag. You cannot always trust a black leather handbag to go straight home every night.

A Bad Start.

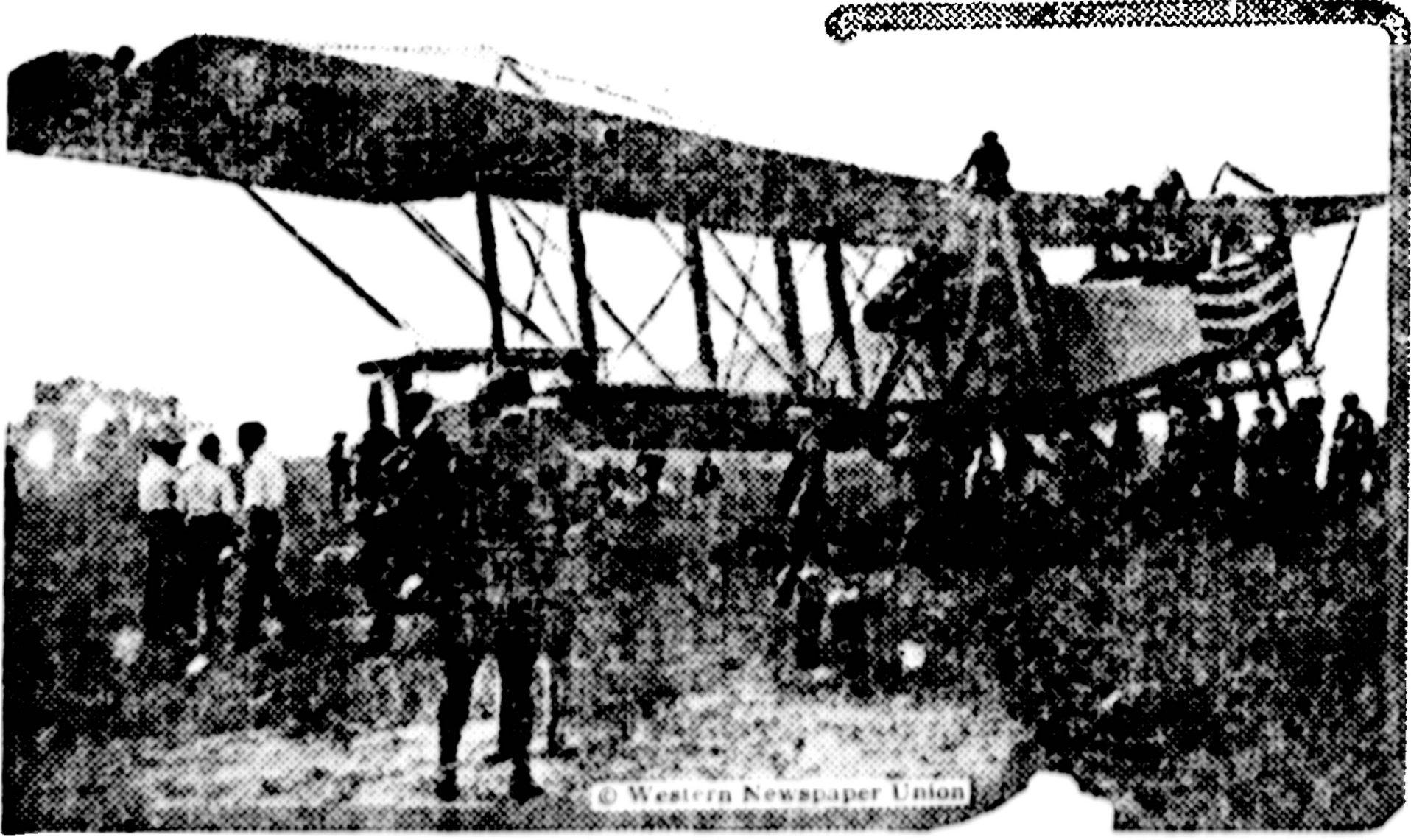
Bride—I'm so afraid people will find out that we're just married, that I've made Jack promise to treat me in public just as if he had no thought of anyone but himself.

Mrs. Longwood—My dear, I adopted that plan when I was married, and my husband never got over it.

Personal.

He—The fools are not all dead yet.
She—That's as sure as you live.

PLANE MAY FLY ACROSS ATLANTIC



This is the American-built Handley-Page airplane Langley, constructed for the proposed flight across the Atlantic. The picture was made as the machine was being prepared for its christening.

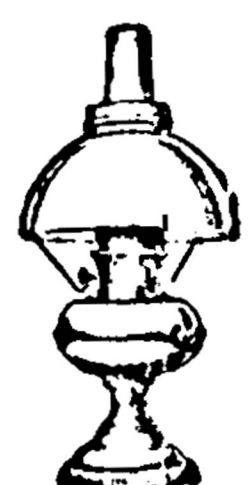
"Old Glory" at Front

London.—When the Illinois troops and Australians attacked together at Vaire wood and Hamel, a sergeant of the American contingent took into action a small American flag, the gift of his mother. The men under him surrounded and destroyed a machine-gun post hidden among three trunks just inside the wood. As they went on, the sergeant brandished the little flag over his head and shouted, "Come on, fellows; there's another one." Just ahead some Australians were fighting an Australian and a machine gun. Two or three Chicago boys dashed up with their bayonets poised. One of them fell on a big Rhinelander who was about to throw a bomb and sent him sprawling with a cracked skull, and, with the Australians, put the remainder of the crew out of action and cleared a dugout behind of 11 submachine gun fugitives.

Still following the tiny Stars and Stripes, a little bigger than a pocket handkerchief, but, as one of the men said afterwards, "looking like a regular flag," the Americans, shoulder to shoulder with the Australians, passed through the eastern end of the wood and out into the open fields again. "The first time I have ever fought under the American flag," said a tall, raw-boned Queensland farmer with a first-aid bandage around his head. They arrived at their final objective, a group of strong, well-shielded trenches linked with the rear defenses of Hamel village, and here the Chicago sergeant planted his emblem on a bit of mud and set it on the parapet. Bullets whizzed all round it, cutting the silk into ragged strips and eventually it was wholly shot away save one unrecognizable fragment, which was preserved as a precious souvenir of an historic day.



Keeping Warm With Less Coal



Rayo Lamps

For perfect results, always use Rayo Lamps. The ideal light for all purposes. Made of best materials. Designs for every room. Ask your dealer.

That is what everybody wants to do this winter. And it is exactly what you can do if you have a Perfection Oil Heater. With this additional heat you will be comfortable all winter and burn from one to three tons of coal less than before.

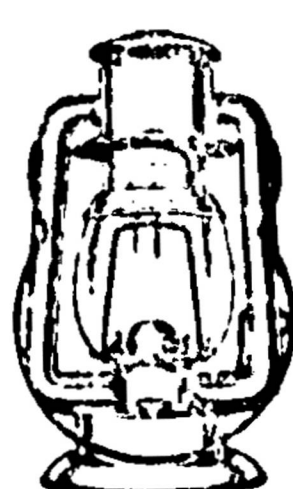
Perfections are safe and they burn an economical fuel—kerosene. However, be sure you use

**ATLANTIC
Rayolight**

instead of some unknown, unbranded kerosene. Use it in your Perfection, your lamps and lanterns. Ask for it by name and be sure to get the genuine. Highly refined and purified, it burns without smoke, smell or charring the wicks.

Get your Perfection Oil Heater now. There is going to be a big demand for them this year. They are reasonably priced—\$5.65 to \$10.00.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.
Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware



Rayo Lanterns

Your best friend on dark, stormy nights. Never blow out or jar out. Construction insures perfect oil combustion. Ask your dealer.



W. P. STONER HANOVER, PA.

Guide To Homeseekers
and Investors of Land.

Specialist In

Real Estate, Insurance, Stocks, Bonds and Investments.

We can sell your farm, property, or lots, and can give you a business proposition no matter where you live.

If you cannot call at our office 'phone or write your wants.

The medium in which we exercise will MAKE and SAVE you money

See our list of offerings at office Corner West Chestnut and Franklin Streets, Hanover. Both Phones.

Coach Repairing. WHEELS RE-TIRED.

I am prepared to do all kinds of coach repairing as well as build new work to order. Replacing of New Rubber Tires and other wheel work a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ALEX. BYER,

Berlin Ave., adjoining Taughinbaugh's Stable, New Oxford. 3-18

Typewriters

ALL MAKES—ALL PRICES

Over 100 machines in stock.

"The Typewriter Man,"

NEW OXFORD,

PENNA.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brands of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Dutera, Jr.,

4-23

New Oxford, Pa.

If you want neat and up-to-date printed work patronize the Item Office.

York Woman Meets Mysterious Death.

An element of mystery surrounds the death of Mrs. Mamie McCoy, of York, widow of Hugh McCoy, which occurred on Wednesday evening. That the woman may possibly have been the victim of a murderous attack is a theory to which Detective White, District Attorney Rochow and Chief of police Buttorf gave attention. Coroner Jones is of the opinion that death was purely accidental. On Wednesday morning neighbors found Mrs. McCoy lying at the foot of the stairs with her skull apparently fractured, right ear cut nearly through, her right eye badly bruised, and bleeding profusely from the nose and throat. These injuries it is presumed, were received at her home late Tuesday night. When found Mrs. McCoy was in an unconscious condition and remained in that state until her death. When found, beside her was a tin cigarette box, six by three inches with six one-dollar bills covered with blood. A bunch of keys lay in a pool of blood. The woman was dressed with the exception of her hat and coat just as she had come from the street after visiting Mrs. John McCoy, Tuesday night. The back door of the house was found unlocked, although Mrs. McCoy, who lived alone, was in the habit of locking the doors at night.

A group of ten McSherrystown young men and women left on Wednesday to attend Catholic institutions in Pennsylvania and Maryland. They include Miss Ada Klunk, who left for St. Joseph's Novitiate, Chestnut Hill; Miss Helen Roth, who entered Mt. St. Joseph's at Emmitsburg; Bryan McCann, Pius Poist, Richard Weaver, Cyril Roth and John W. Keffler Jr., entered Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg; Roy Keffler, Bryan Weaver and Leo Krichen, who went to Overbrook Seminary, Overbrook, near Philadelphia.

PEOPLE SPEAK WELL OF CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS.—"I have been selling Chamberlain's Tablets for about two years and heard such good reports from my customers that I concluded to give them a trial myself, and can say that I do not believe there is another preparation of the kind equal to them," writes G. A. McBride, Headford, Ont. "If you are troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial. They will do you lots of good."

The York county almshouse barn and most of its contents were destroyed by fire originating from spontaneous combustion among new hay just before 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon. The loss is estimated at about \$3,000. A hostler who was in the stable, noticed flames in the hay mow, where was four tons of new hay. He was able to save two horses, the only livestock in the building, some harness and some of the farm implements.

GREAT FAITH IN CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY.—"Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy was used by my father a year ago when he had diarrhoea. It relieved him immediately and by taking three doses he was absolutely cured. He has great faith in this remedy," writes Mrs. W. H. Williams, Stanley, N. Y.

Fire of unknown origin destroyed Linn's central garage at McConnellsburg, on Wednesday. One large new government parcel post truck used daily between that place and Gettysburg, two hydraulic state road trucks and seven other trucks and touring cars owned by private persons, garage and other outbuildings owned by the City Hotel, and buildings owned by David Little were also destroyed.

HAS A HIGH OPINION OF CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS.—"I have a high opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets for biliousness and as a laxative," writes Mrs. C. A. Barnes, Charleston, Ill. "I have never found anything so mild and pleasant to use. My brother has also used these tablets with satisfactory results."

A major of the United States army at the age of 24 years is a distinction won by Charles A. Bayler, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Bayler, of York. Major Bayler received his commission while in the thick of the fighting in France with his regiment, the 39th infantry.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

Next Door to Hanover Picture Show.

Special Announcement! Early Fall Styles Now Ready.

Special attention is directed to very high class Fashions for women and misses in Silk and Wool Dresses for fall.

New Coats, Coat Suits,

separate wool skirts, Faille silk, silk poplin and Taffeta silk skirts, wool dress materials of all sorts, silks in plaids, stripes and plain colors, of the newest; large selection of large plaid Dress Gingham.

Buy your bed blankets and comforts now and you will save money.

We carry a large stock of W. B. and LaResista Corsets, the best wearing and well fitting corsets out.

Carpets and Rugs—In this department we show more goods for less money than any other store in this section.

33 Baltimore Street, Hanover, Pa.

Brown Surety Stamps on all cash purchases.

Local 'phone 77-X.

Bell 'phone 77-R.

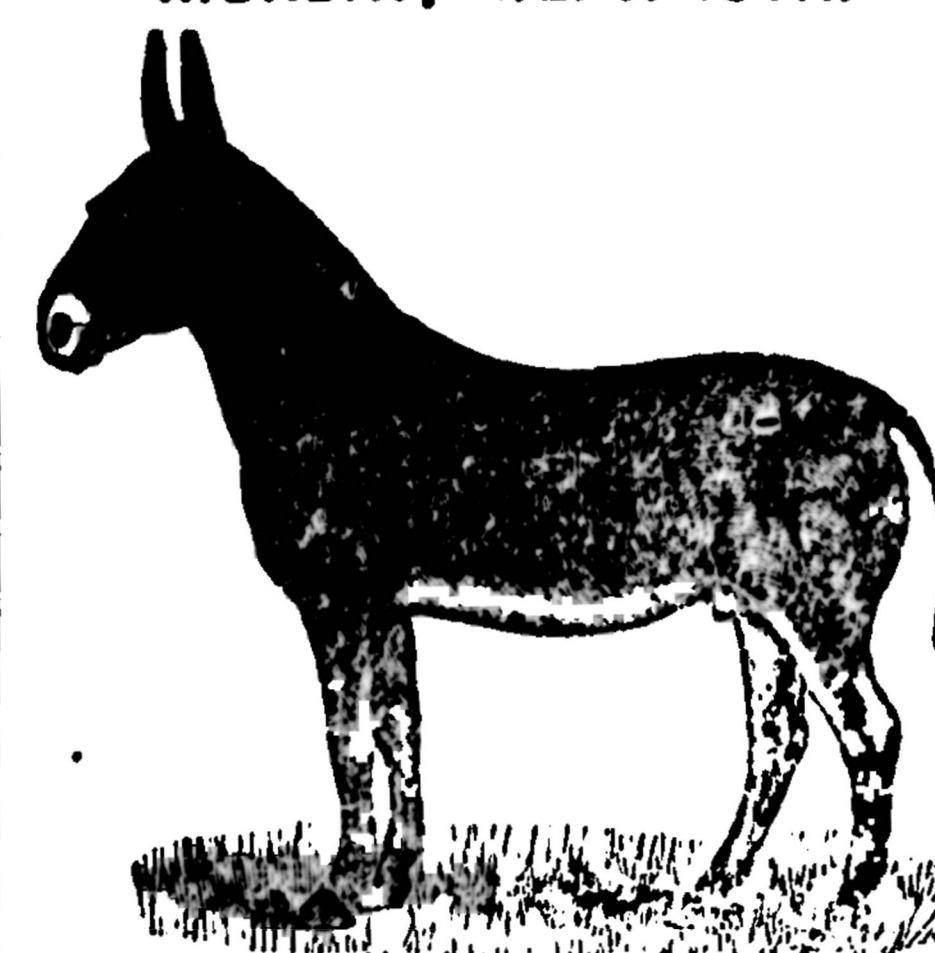
HORSES. WANTED.



Will pay top notch prices for horses ranging in age from 5 to 10 years and weighing from 950 to 1200 lbs. Bring you horses to H. W. PARR, Hanover, Pa.

Horses! Mules!

MONDAY, SEPT. 16TH.



I will receive at my stables on East Chestnut Street, Hanover, three carloads of Mules, sucklings, yearlings and 2-years old. Come see them.
H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

Crystal Theatre

Open on Thursday and Saturday nights of each week.—The Crystal is the most enjoyable place to spend these evenings.—On Thursday evenings we show

The William Fox Pictures

and on Saturday evenings we show

The Triangle Productions

All first-class up-to-date pictures.

6-20

Everything That an Auto- moblist Needs.

Our Tires Are the Best.

Our Accessories Will Please You.

Our Gasoline is Pure and the Price is Right.

Our Repair Department Gives Satisfaction.

All Parts of Ford Cars Constantly on Hand.

Car Storage a Specialty. TRY US

NEW OXFORD GARAGE,

R. M. WOLF, Proprietor,

Rear Lincoln Way, West. Bell 'Phone 3-R4. Night Call 31-R4.



Keep The Home Cheerful.

HAVE MUSIC IN THE HOME.

A PLAYER PIANO OR A COLUMBIA GRAFONOLA

Either Will Satisfy.

.... See Our Display at the Hanover Fair

11-13 Carlisle St.,

J. E. & W. H. NACE,

Hanover, Pa.



Wanted: A Wife to Leave Behind Him

By KITTY PARSONS

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Jean Coleman looked up as Thomas Waring came into the office. He was half an hour late and there was something unusual in his manner.

"Miss Coleman," he began abruptly. "I'm going to get married. I'm going to be called in the next draft and I want something to leave behind me—someone, I should say."

The stenographer looked up quickly and smiled slightly.

"Nice for the girl," she remarked unconcernedly.

"I realize that, but she doesn't have to do it unless she wants to. I intend to make it perfectly clear. And that's why I came to you for advice about the matter—you are so sensible. I knew you could help me. I'm going to advertise in a matrimonial journal and I'd like you to see the applicant I think the best before I accept her—will you?"

It was almost too much, but Jean was equal to the occasion. Her sense of humor asserted itself and she laughed merrily.

"I'll do all I can," she assured him. "Report to me in a week and tell me your progress. Good luck to you. I have to get back to work now so you'd better run along."

Tom Waring went to his own desk and pondered on the peculiarities of women. He knew Jean would help him but he did think she might have been a little more interested and not so amused. Her eyes—wonderful eyes she had, too—had twinkled all the time he talked, and he was really very serious. He was also very lonely and his story about wanting someone to leave behind him had been put rather cold-bloodedly because he did not find it easy to say exactly what he meant to Jean. She probably thought him foolish enough already. So he wrote a satisfactory advertisement of his intentions, put it in the paper, and waited for developments with some consternation.

During the week that followed he had sixty-five applications. Widows, orphans and maidens read the welcome notice, and he was pursued by thin women, fat women, ugly women and foolish women; but the charming, sweet and perfect young creature for



Perfect Young Creature.

whom he longed did not appear. The majority of them were middle-aged, and few at all good looking.

Discouraged and tired out, at the end of three days he dropped into a chair beside Jean Coleman's desk, just after five o'clock. There was no one else in the office.

"Well, what luck?" she asked him cheerfully, noticing his dejected air. "I'm disgusted—utterly disgusted—I guess I'll never be married. I didn't know there were so many women in this city who wanted husbands. There isn't a single one I could ever learn to love, even if my life depended on it."

"People don't generally have to learn to love," ventured Jean. "How do you know so much about Miss Coleman?"

Jean blushed and began to straighten up her desk.

"I learn a lot by observation, Sir Benedict, and just now I must leave you and go to dinner. Your week isn't up and I told you to come to me at the end of a week and we'd see about the bride. Three days is not half long enough, and now you've started it, you've got to see this matrimonial venture through, just to show it's not a joke."

Waring agreed grudgingly, and together they left the office. Just outside he had a sudden inspiration. "Won't you go to dinner with me?" he asked her. "We could go somewhere where they dance if you like to—it would be great fun if you would!"

For a second Jean seemed to hesitate, and then replied somewhat hesitantly:

"I'm sorry, but I have an engagement. You go and see if you've had any more answers and come to me again in four days. Good-night."

Waring felt his spirits sink below zero. She talked like a doctor applying some awful medicine," he said to

himself. "Who the deuce was she going to dinner with, anyway?"

When Jean left him she went directly to a nearby lunch counter, where she dined in state with—herself. But Waring did not know that. He passed an uneventful and very unpleasant evening by himself and finally came to the conclusion that matrimony was a deep problem to be carefully considered. And he wondered what Jean Coleman knew about being in love, anyway—evidently something.

He determined to see the thing through honestly, however, and tearfully wrote to and interviewed a few more applicants. At the end of that time he was sure of two things—he did not want to marry any of the women he had seen, but he did want to marry Jean Coleman. He began to wonder why he had not found it out before. She probably wouldn't look at him now that he had made such an idiot of himself. He was glad he hadn't told anyone else but her, anyway—he wasn't proud of his venture.

The door bell rang penetratingly and he groaned hopelessly. Nevertheless, he was resigned, and when his landlady, Mrs. Morley, ushered in a veiled, slight little woman in a dark suit, he was prepared for the worst.

"I saw your advertisement in the paper," she began in a clear, strangely familiar voice.

"I regret to say I'm no longer in the market," he put in hurriedly, before she had a chance to say anything more.

"Oh, I didn't come to apply," she assured him hastily. "I only came to tell you you're all wrong about getting a wife this way. I thought maybe you didn't have anyone to advise you. I'm very old"—her voice belied the word—"and I thought I might save you from doing something foolish. Please don't marry in haste—you'll surely meet someone some day who will make your waiting worth while. You can't just make yourself love people, you know, even if you are married, and you mustn't make such a dreadful mistake and ruin your life. Even if you are going away, don't jump into marriage hastily—please believe what I say."

In her earnestness and excitement the woman had quite forgotten herself. She was actually pleading with him to save himself, and he was listening, fascinated to what she had to say. When she had finished she stood with her hands pressed together, and he could feel that she was looking at him through the still lowered veil. Suddenly she seemed to recall herself and, with a quick movement, walked towards the door. Waring sprang after her and seized her by the arm.

"Let me go!" she commanded him. "I must go at once. I only came because I thought I might help you—I don't want anyone to see my face."

"I must," she insisted, and before she had a chance to struggle further, he threw the heavy veil back from her hat. Then he stood transfixed.

"Jean!" he cried, and gazed into a flushed and tear-stained face. "I might have known it was you; no one else could be so wonderful," he added, still devouring her with his eyes.

"I never meant you to know," she said, shaking into the first chair, "but I couldn't bear to have you marry one of those applicants—it was too much. I never thought you'd be so rude and lift my veil. It was foolish of me to come—please let me go now."

"Yes, I'm going to take you home, but not until I know who you went out to dinner with on Thursday. I've thought about it ever since."

"No one at all."

"Thank goodness! I want to know if you will go out to dinner with me tomorrow night, and every night after that for the rest of your life? I love you—I have for a long time, but I didn't know it and was coming to tell you about it tomorrow. I've been a fool but I'll promise to be wiser after this if you'll only take me."

He was kneeling beside her now, and both her hands were in his.

"Oh, I do love you," said Jean, softly. "Better than anyone in the world, and if you approve of me really, I'll answer your advertisement tonight. You're right sure I'll do!"

"So sure that we'll go out now and have our first dinner!"

And together they ran hand in hand down the stairs, laughing as they went.

Varieties of Spruce.

There are about 15 varieties of spruce, of which the Sitka spruce is the most valuable. Norway spruce, the commonest, so-called because it forms the chief lumber supply of Norway, is also found in middle Europe and in Siberia. Sitka spruce grows on the Pacific coast from northern California to Alaska; it is only found in coast regions, never inland. It grows easily to 150 feet in height, and frequently to more than 300 feet with a diameter of seven or eight feet at 100 feet from the base. In the islands of southeastern Alaska trees have been noted more than 200 feet tall and 25 feet in diameter four or five feet from the base.

Shot at a Venture.

When the result of a certain horse race reached an English mining village, one of the colliers remarked to his chum: "Ah've made a nice little dinner out of that race, and by sheer luck, too. Ah chalked all t' names o' t' horses on a revolving target, an' took it into a field and got my owd woman to shoot an arrow at it while it was spinning." "An' it stuck into the winner, did it?" asked his friend. "No, it didn't," said the collier. "It stuck into a fine fat duck that was waddling along at t' side o' t' field, and we had it for dinner today w' some an' onions!"

TWO SUBMARINES ARE SUNK IN ATTACK ON LEVIATHAN

Germans Fail in Raid on Greatest United States Transport.

CARRIES 10,000 SOLDIERS

Eye Witness Gives Thrilling Account of Trip Across Atlantic—High Praise for Work of American Navy—Men on Transport Behave Splendidly in Time of Danger.

Durand, Mich.—An eye-witness account of an attack by three submarines on the United States transport Leviathan and the destruction of two of the U-boats by United States destroyers, is contained in a letter from Capt. Charles A. Harmon of this city to his son, Sergt. Carl A. Harmon, at Camp Custer. The Leviathan, formerly the German Vaterland, is the largest vessel afloat and was seized by the United States when this country entered the war.

Captain Harmon is in the motor mechanics division of the aviation corps, now safely in France, while his son is a member of the ambulance company.

The Leviathan carried 10,000 soldiers on that particular trip and every precaution of camouflage and zigzag navigation was employed to protect it from the submarines, since the German government is said to have offered a fortune and great honors to the commander and crew of the U-boat that succeeds in sinking it.

All Obey Orders.

"Most of the men aboard were raw recruits," says Captain Harmon, "but when the emergency came the constant drill and training told and not a man disobeyed orders. Twenty hours from our destination, at daybreak, we picked up the destroyers in a howling gale. They came swooping at us out of a rain squall like flying fish. Boy! They looked good. They are little, long, intrepid devils all engine and wickedness. We were tearing along at high speed, trusting to luck not to hit anything, but those little devils eyed and circled and zigzagged around us as if we were at anchor.

"Even with our thousand feet of length we could hardly keep our feet on deck, but they, with their 200 feet or less, were simply doing the impossible. Seas too high to ride they dived through, actually disappearing at times. And when, in their circles, they fell into the trough, they took a list that would make your heart stop.

"They carry two spars about 50 feet high. On top of each is a crow's nest, with a man in each watching for periscopes. The gunners are lashed to their guns. They must be amphibious. The ride those crow's-nest birds took that day would curl your hair.

Taking No Chances.

"All day long it howled and rained and blew, and most of the following night, too. It was too rough for U-boats, but we were pitching over the bones of the Lusitania and hundreds of other good ships and the destroyers were taking no chances.

"Any time the United States navy is mentioned you just get onto your legs and salute—just on general principles. When you cross you will understand why. They are there, those lads.

"I went on duty in a troop section below the water line that evening at five and was on duty for 12 hours stationed on a stairway where I could pick off the first bird that batted an eye. About midnight the sea went down. Then we did expect trouble any minute. It was a tough, long night. We knew that if a torpedo ever hit in that section we hadn't a chance in the world. At five in the morning I was relieved and went up topside, to the forward upper deck. It was just breaking daylight, clear, no wind, sea as smooth as glass. Six more destroyers had joined us some time during the night and they were coursing like panthers, near and far, in great, swooping curves all around us.

Finally They Came.

"We were roaring along in sharp zigzags, the ship trembling like a nervous dog, with the best speed in her. I thought to myself, as I took it all in:

"Well, this is the time and the place. Now where in hell are those doggone Huns?"

"As if in answer to my question the nearest destroyer turned on her tail and shot straight at our outwater as if to head something off, at the same time firing rapidly at something the other side of her and close by. Instantly the others pointed in toward us and came darting in like diving sharks.

"The nearest destroyer was not more than 50 yards distant. Next it swung around in a smother of white water, and in an instant I saw the black stern of a submarine as it upended in a dive so close to the destroyer that they actually bumped. Then the destroyer cut back of the 'sub' only a few feet under the surface.

U-Boat Blown to Atoms.

"There was a terrific explosion; it shook our ship as if it had been struck. That 'sub' just was naturally blown to atoms. I almost cut the destroyer in two, nearly blew the stern of her off. But that is just a part of the job for those boys. Their business is to get subs? What happens to them is another matter entirely.

"It was over in less time than it takes to tell it. At the same time the next nearest destroyer was perhaps 100 yards away, spinning around in a tight little circle and dropping depth bombs as fast as it could spill them over the stern. Presently a great oily blob of water rose and the destroyer curved away from the ship and went over to the first one to see what it was doing. The rest of them had apparently gone plumb crazy. They were simply whipping the nearby surface of the sea to white ribbons.

Living Wall Formed.

"A big flock of English gunboats and destroyers came up from nowhere in particular and moved along ahead of us and on our flanks. We reduced our speed to theirs and our own flock of wasps came up and formed a living wall around us and we moved along up to where an hour later an English pilot was picked up who took us through the mine fields and into port.

"We learned then from the commander of the destroyer fleet, who came aboard us, that there had been three 'subs' waiting for us. They had fired three torpedoes at short range, but just as the fracas started we had been signaled to turn sharp and beat it. We did. The torpedoes skimmed our sides. Two of the submarines went to Davy Jones' locker and they kind of felt that the other one was smothered the same afternoon."

RUMOR IS INTERNED FOR THE DURATION OF WAR

Chronic Gossipers in Wall Street Are Put Under Ban by Exchange Officials.

UNPRECEDENTED IN STREET

While Not Completely Checked the Tendency Is Toward Suppressing Wild Stories That Might Be Harmful.

New York.—War has wrought many and varied changes in Wall street ways. The adjustment of the financial district and its army of workers to the new order of things ushered in by the entrance of the United States into the war has gone ahead steadily and is still progressing. The process will go on until peace comes and perhaps thereafter. Banks, foreign exchange, the security and commodity markets, have all felt the hand of the war god in varying degree, and the changes that have taken place in business methods and customs in the street would surprise the Wall street frequenter of five or ten years ago.

Probably one of the most interesting developments in the financial district since our entrance into the war has been the attempt made by the market authorities to put the ban on the rumor-monger. In normal times the most gossipy place in the country is to be found right in the financial district where a rumor is born every minute. Millions of dollars have been made and lost in Wall street on the circulation of rumors. There have been times when wild stories were deliberately concocted for stock market purposes.

Unprecedented on Street.

Dame Rumor lately, however, has been taken in hand by the officials of the New York stock exchange and the New York cotton exchange, and while she is still to be found at large, her activities have been much restricted. On the stock exchange the governors recently adopted resolutions to the effect that "the circulation in any manner of rumors of a sensational character by members of the exchange or their firms will be deemed an act detrimental to the interest and welfare of the exchange.

Similar resolutions were adopted by the cotton exchange governing board after there had occurred a tremendous slump in cotton prices ascribed partly

BOYS LEARN TO COOK. GIRLS AS CARPENTERS

Cleveland.—Manual training is not for boys only, and domestic science is not only a girl's study in Cleveland schools now, for the courses in some of the public schools have been switched to cook and buy groceries and the girls are getting training in household carpentry. The girls are said to be proficient in handling tools, while many of the boys in the "bringing up father" divisions are becoming good cooks and buyers.

GIRLS AS SHEEP HERDERS

Loneliest Job in the World Is Latest Industry to Attract the Women.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Herdling sheep—the loneliest job in the world—is the latest industry to attract women. Wyoming ranchers have given so many men to the war that sheepherders are very scarce. Hence Misses Lulu Munson, Belle Pattison and Grace Keenan, Campbell county lassies, have become sheep-herdresses at a wage of \$50 a month and "found." They have been employed by B. J. Reno, and each girl acts as guardian to 2,500 "woolies." These girls are said to be the first feminine sheepherders in the United States.

ALL WORN OUT

Doan's, However, Restored Mr. Roulston to Good Health. Results Have Lasted.

"Mornings I was so stiff and sore I could hardly get up," says A. C. Roulston, prop. blacksmith shop, 2840 Washington St., Roxbury, Mass. "The sharp pains through my kidneys were so bad I often thought I wouldn't be able to get to work. I couldn't rest comfortably and turned and tossed from one side to the other, with a dull, dragging backache. There were puffy spots under my eyes and I felt worn out all the time. The kidney secretions passed too often and were otherwise unnatural. Four or five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. I can honestly recommend Doan's for they have surely done me a world of good."

Mr. Roulston gave the above statement in 1915 and in March, 1917, he said: "My cure is still lasting. I take Doan's occasionally, however, to keep my kidneys in good working order. One can depend upon Doan's to cure kidney ills."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Money ceases to talk after a miser gets a strangle hold on it.

Grove's Tasteless chili Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its strengthening, invigorating effect. Price 60c.

A gentleman of leisure excels in doing nothing gracefully.

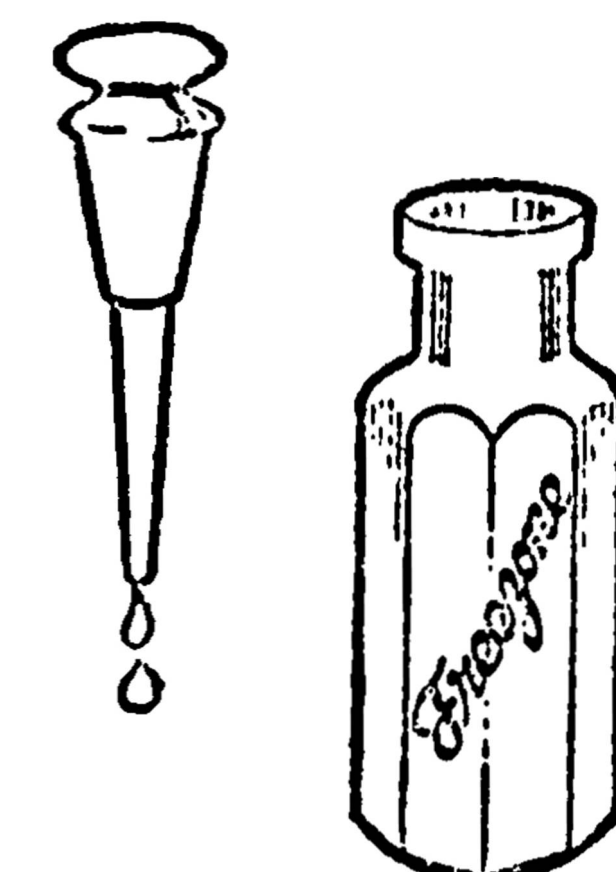
If Worms or Tapeworms persist in your system, it is because you have not yet tried the real Vermifuge, Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot." One dose does the work. Adv.

Some men attempt to cure the blues by painting things red.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt at all and costs only a few cents

Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!



Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.

Had 'Em Framed.

On the wall in the president's office at the Hotel Severin, there hang three handsome framed personal letters addressed to the head of the institution. "Received them all in one day," said A. Bennett Gates, "and they are so rare that I have had them framed, for I wish to preserve them. Such as these do not come often to the hotel man."

The writer of each of the three framed letters was grateful for some courtesy or favor, or this or that, which pleased him during his stay as a guest. None had a "kick" to register, which struck Mr. Gates as rather odd, since half the time of a hotel manager is occupied in hearing the complaints of someone who feels himself slighted in some particular. Three thankful epistles in a day were almost too much for the hotel president.—Indianapolis News.

Thought a Linen One Better.

Mr. Bacon—I don't like those paper napkins, dear.

Mrs. Bacon—Why don't you like them?

"Well, you know very well, dear, that it doesn't look very high-toned for me to eat with a paper napkin tucked up under my chin."

No doubt the castles in the air that we frequently read about are built of gold bricks.

Most men mistake the slightest applause for an encore.

Every Time I Eat

POST

TOASTIES

(MADE OF CORN)

Dad says —

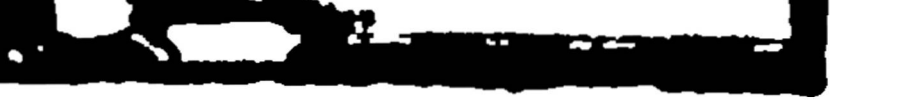
"Eat 'em up Bob"

You're saving

wheat for

the boys in

France"



BIGGEST WAR GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY



Camp Dix is now planting the country's biggest war garden, 400 acres. Soldiers are shown here unloading from the first of nine motortrucks seeds sent to the camp by the national war garden commission. The war department is planning to spend \$200,000 on war gardens to the camps.

OUTWITTING THE HUN

by LIEUTENANT
PAT O'BRIEN.

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CHAPTER XII.

The Forged Passport.

For obvious reasons, I cannot describe the man to whom I applied for the passport nor the house in which he lived. While, in view of what subsequently happened, I would not be very much concerned if he got into trouble for having dealt with me, I realize that the hardships he had endured in common with the other inhabitants of that conquered city may possibly have distorted his idea of right and justice, and I shall not deliberately bring further disaster on him by revealing his identity.

This man—we will call him Huyliker because that is as unlike his name as it is mine—was very kind to me on that memorable night when I aroused him from his sleep and in a few words of explanation told him of my plight.

He invited me inside, prepared some food for me and, putting on a dressing gown, came and sat by me while I ate, listening with the greatest interest to the short account of my adventures.

He could speak English fluently, and he interrupted me several times to express his sympathy for the sufferings I had endured.

"O'Brien," he said, after I had concluded my story, "I am going to help you. It may take several days—perhaps as long as two weeks—but eventually we will provide the means to enable you to get to Holland."

I thanked him a thousand times and told him that I didn't know how I could possibly repay him.

"Don't think of that," he replied; "the satisfaction of knowing that I have aided in placing one more victim of the Hun beyond their power to harm will more than repay me for all the risk I shall run in helping you. You'd better turn in now, O'Brien, and in the morning I'll tell you what I plan to do."

As I removed my clothes and noticed that my knees were still swollen to twice their normal size, that my left ankle was black and blue from the wrench I had given it when I jumped from the train and that my ribs showed through my skin, I realized what a lot I had been through. As a matter of fact, I could not have weighed more than one hundred and fifty pounds at that time, whereas I had tipped the scales at one hundred and ninety when I was with my squadron in France.

I lost no time in getting into bed and still less in getting to sleep. I don't know what I dreamed of that night, but I had plenty of time to go through the experiences of my whole life, for when I was aroused by a knock on the door and Huyliker entered in response to my invitation to enter, he told me that it was nearly noon! I had slept for almost twelve hours.

I cannot say that the thought did not run through my head that perhaps after all I was living in a fool's paradise, and that when Huyliker reappeared it would be with a couple of German soldiers behind him, but I dismissed such misgivings summarily, realizing that I was doing Huyliker an injustice to let such things enter my head even for an instant. I had no right to doubt his sincerity and it would do me no good to entertain such suspicions. If he was going to prove treacherous to me, I was powerless any way to cope with him.

In a few moments my host reappeared with a tray containing my breakfast. I don't suppose I shall ever forget that meal. It consisted of a cup of coffee—real coffee, not the kind I had had at Courtrai—several slices of bread, some hot potatoes and a dish of scrambled eggs.

Every mouthful of that meal tasted like angel-food to me and Huyliker sat on the edge of the bed and watched me enjoying it, at the same time outlining the plans he had made for my escape.

In brief, the scheme was to conceal me in a convent until conditions were ripe for me to make my way to the border. In the meanwhile I was to be dressed in the garb of a priest, and when the time came for me to leave the city I was to pretend that I was a Spanish sailor, because I could speak a little Spanish, which I had picked up on the coast. To attempt to play the part of a Belgian would become increasingly difficult, he pointed out, and would bring inevitable disaster in the event that I was called upon to speak.

Huyliker said I would be given sufficient money to bribe the German guards at the Dutch frontier, and he assured me that everything would work out according to schedule.

"Yours is not the first case, O'Brien, we have handled successfully," he declared. "Only three weeks ago I heard from an English merchant who had escaped from a German detention camp

and came to me for assistance and whom I had been able to get through the lines. His message telling me of his safe arrival in Rotterdam came to me in an indirect way, of course, but the fact that the plans we had made carried through without mishap makes me feel that we ought to be able to do as much for you."

I told Huyliker I was ready to follow his instructions and would do anything he suggested.

"I want to rejoin my squadron as soon as I possibly can," I told him, "but I realize that it will take a certain length of time for you to make the necessary arrangements, and I will be as patient as I can."

The first thing to do, Huyliker told me, was to prepare a passport. He had a blank one and it was a comparatively simple matter to fill in the spaces, using a genuine passport which Huyliker possessed as a sample of the handwriting of the passport clerk. My occupation was entered as that of a sailor. My birthplace was given as Spain, and we put my age at thirty. As a matter of fact, at that time I could easily have passed for thirty-five, but we figured that with proper food and a decent place to sleep at night, I could soon regain my normal appearance, and the passport would have to serve me, perhaps, for several weeks to come.

Filling in the blank spaces on the passport was, as I have said, a comparatively easy matter, but that did not begin to fill the bill. Every genuine passport bore an official rubber stamp, something like an elaborate postmark, and I was at a loss to know how to get over that difficulty.

Fortunately, however, Huyliker had half of a rubber stamp which had evidently been thrown away by the Germans, and he planned to construct the other half out of the cork from a wine bottle. He was very skillful with a penknife, and although he spilt a score or more of corks before he succeeded in getting anything like the result he was after, the finished article was far better than our most sanguine expectations. Indeed, after we had pared it over here and there, and removed whatever imperfections our repeated test disclosed, we had a stamp which made an impression so closely resembling the original that without a magnifying glass, we were sure, it would have been impossible to tell that it was a counterfeit.

Huyliker procured a camera and took a photograph of me to paste on the passport in the place provided for that purpose, and we then had a passport which was entirely satisfactory to both of us and would, we hoped, prove equally so to our friends the Huns.

It had taken two days to fix up the passport. In the meanwhile Huyliker informed me that he had changed his plans about the convent and that instead he would take me to an empty house, where I could remain in safety until he told me it was advisable for me to proceed to the frontier.

This was quite agreeable to me, as I had had misgivings as to the kind of a priest I would make and it seemed to me to be safer to remain aloof from everyone in a deserted house than to have to mingle with people or come in contact with them, even with the best of disguises.

That night I accompanied Huyliker to a fashionable section of the city, where the house in which I was to be concealed was located.

This house turned out to be a four-story structure of brick. Huyliker told me that it had been occupied by a wealthy Belgian before the war, but since 1914 it had been uninhabited save for the occasional habitation of some refugee whom Huyliker was befriending.

Huyliker had a key and let me in, but he did not enter the house with me, stating that he would visit me in the morning.

I explored the place from top to bottom as well as I could without lights. The house was elaborately furnished, but, of course, the dust lay a quarter of an inch thick everywhere. It was a large house, containing some twenty rooms. There were two rooms in the basement four on the first floor, four on the second five on the third and five on the top. In the days that were to come I was to have plenty of opportunity to familiarize myself with the contents of that house but at that time I did not know it and I was curious enough to want to know just what the house contained.

Down in the basement there was a huge pantry but it was absolutely bare, except of dust and dirt. A door which evidently led to a sub-basement attracted my attention and I thought it might be a good idea to know just where it led to in case it became necessary for me to elude searchers.

In that cellar I found case after case

of choice wine—Huyliker subsequently told me that there were 1,800 bottles of it! I was so happy at the turn my affairs had taken and in the rosy prospects which I now entertained that I was half inclined to indulge in a little celebration then and there. On second thought, however, I remembered the old warning of the folly of shouting before you are well out of the woods, and I decided that it would be just as well to postpone the festivities for a while and go to bed instead.

In such an elaborately furnished house I had naturally conjured up ideas of a wonderfully large bed, with thick hair mattress, downy quilts and big soft pillows. Indeed, I debated for a while which particular bedroom I should honor with my presence that night. Judge of my disappointment, therefore, when after visiting bedroom after bedroom, I discovered that there wasn't a bed in any one of them that was in a condition to sleep in. All the mattresses had been removed and the rooms were absolutely bare of everything in the way of wool, silk or cotton fabrics. The Germans had apparently swept the house clean.

There was nothing to do, therefore, but to make myself as comfortable as I could on the floor, but as I had grown accustomed by this time to sleeping under far less comfortable conditions, I swallowed my disappointment as cheerfully as I could and lay down for the night.

In the morning Huyliker appeared and brought me some breakfast, and after I had eaten it he asked me what connections I had in France or England from whom I could obtain money.

I told him that I banked at Cox & Co., London, and that if he needed any money I would do anything I could to get it for him, although I did not know just how such things could be arranged.

"Don't worry about that, O'Brien," he replied. "We'll find a way of getting it all right. What I want to know is how far you are prepared to go to compensate me for the risks I am rendering you!"

The change in the man's attitude stunned me. I could hardly believe my ears.

"Of course I shall pay you as well as I can for what you have done, Huyliker," I replied, trying to conceal as far as possible the disappointment his demand had occasioned me, "but don't you think that this is hardly the proper time or occasion to talk of compensation? All I have on me, as you know, is a few hundred francs, and that, of course, you are welcome to, and when I get back, if I ever do, I shall not easily forget that kindness you have shown me. I am sure you need have no concern about my showing my gratitude in a substantial way."

"That's all right, O'Brien," he insisted, looking at me in a knowing sort of way; "you may take care of me afterwards, and then again you may not. I'm not satisfied to wait. I want to be taken care of now!"

"Well, what do you want me to do? How much do you expect in the way of compensation? How can I arrange to get it to you? I am willing to do anything that is reasonable."

"I want — pounds," he replied, and he named a figure that staggered me. If I had been Lord Kitchener instead of just an ordinary lieutenant in the R. F. C., he would hardly have asked a larger sum. Perhaps he thought I was.

"Well, my dear man," I said smilingly, thinking that perhaps he was joking, "you don't really mean that, do you?"

"I certainly do, O'Brien, and what is more," he threatened, "I intend to get



Outlining the Plans He Had Made for My Escape.

every cent I have asked, and you are going to help me get it."

He pulled out an order calling for the payment to him of the amount he had mentioned and demanded that I sign it.

I waved it aside.

"Huyliker," I said, "you have helped me out so far and perhaps you have the power to help me further. I appreciate what you have done for me, although now, I think, I see what your motive was, but I certainly don't intend to be blackmailed and I tell you right now that I won't stand for it."

"Very well," he said, "it is just as you say, but before you make up your mind so obstinately I would advise you to think it over. I'll be back this evening."

My first impulse, after the man had left, was to get out of that house just as soon as I could. I had the passport he had prepared for me, and I figured that even without further help I could now get to the border without very much difficulty, and when I got there I would have to use my own ingenuity to get through.

It was evident, however, that Huyliker still had an idea that I might change my mind with regard to the payment he had demanded, and I decided that it would be foolish to do anything until he paid me a second visit.

At the beginning of my dealings with Huyliker I had turned over to him some pictures, papers, and other things that I had on me when I entered his house, including my identification disk, and I was rather afraid that he might refuse to return them to me.

All day long I remained in the house without a particle of food other than the breakfast Huyliker had brought to me. From the windows I could see plenty to interest me and help pass the time away, but of my experiences while in that house I shall tell in detail later on, confining my attention now to a narrative of my dealing with Huyliker.

That night he appeared as he had promised.

"Well, O'Brien," he asked, as he entered the room where I was awaiting him, "what do you say? Will you sign the order or not?"

It had occurred to me during the day that the amount demanded was so fabulous that I might have signed the order without any danger of its ever being paid, but the idea of this man, who had claimed to be befriending me, endeavoring to make capital out of my plight galled me so that I was determined not to give it to him whether I could do so in safety or not.

"No, Huyliker," I replied, "I have decided to get along as best I can without any further assistance from you. I shall see that you are reasonably paid for what you have done, but I will not accept any further assistance from you at any price, and what is more I want you to return to me at once all the photographs and other papers and belongings of mine which I turned over to you a day or two ago."

"I'm sorry about that, O'Brien," he retorted, with a show of apparent sincerity, "but that is something I cannot do."

"If you don't give me back those papers at once," I replied hotly, "I will take steps to get them, and d—d quick too!"

"I don't know just what you could do, O'Brien," he declared coolly, "but as a matter of fact the papers and pictures you refer to are out of the country. I could not get them back to you if I wanted to."

Something told me the man was lying.

"See here, Huyliker!" I threatened, advancing towards him, putting my hand on his shoulder and looking him straight in the eye, "I want those papers and I want them here before midnight to-night. If I don't get them I shall sleep in this place just once more and then, at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, I shall go to the German authorities, give myself up, show them the passport that you fixed for me, tell them how I got it, and explain everything."

Huyliker paled. We had no lights in the house, but we were standing near a landing at the time and the moonlight was streaming through a stained-glass window.

The Belgian turned on his heel and started to go down the stairs.

"Mind you," I called after him, "I shall wait for you till the city clock strikes twelve, and if you don't show up with those papers by that time, the next time you will see me is when you confront me before the German authorities. I am a desperate man, Huyliker, and I mean every word I say."

He let himself out of the door and I sat on the top stair and wondered just what he would do. Would he try to steal a march on me and get in a first word to the authorities so that my story would be discredited when I put it to them?

Of course, my threat to give myself up to the Huns was a pure bluff. While I had no desire to lose the papers which Huyliker had and which included the map and the last resting place of my poor chum Rancey, I certainly had no intention of cutting off my nose to spite my face by surrendering to the Germans. I would have been shot, as sure as fate, for after all I had been able to observe behind the German lines I would be regarded as a spy and treated as such.

At the same time I thought I detected a yellow streak in Huyliker, and I figured that he would not want to take the risk of my carrying out my threat even though he believed there was but a small chance of my doing so. If I did, he would undoubtedly share my fate, and the pictures and papers he had of mine were really of no use to him, and I have never been able to ascertain why it was he wished to retain them unless they contained something—some information about me—which accounted for his complete change of attitude towards me in the first place, and he wanted the papers as evidence to account to his superiors for his conduct towards me.

When he first told me that the plan of placing me in a convent disguised as a priest had been abandoned he explained it by saying that the cardinal had issued orders to the priests to help no more fugitives, and I have since wondered whether there was anything in my papers which had turned him against me and led him to forsake me after all he had promised to do for me.

For perhaps two hours I sat on that staircase musing about the peculiar

turn in my affairs, when the front door opened and Huyliker ascended the stairs.

"I have brought you such of your belongings as I still had, O'Brien," he said softly. "The rest, as I told you, I cannot give you. They are no longer in my possession."

I looked through the little bunch he handed me. It included my identification disk, most of the papers I valued, and perhaps half of the photographs.

"I don't know what your object is in retaining the rest of my pictures, Huyliker," I replied, "but as a matter of fact, the ones that are missing were only of sentimental value to me and you are welcome to them. We'll call it a beat."

I don't know whether he understood the idiom, but he sat down on the stairs just below me and cogitated for a few moments.

"O'Brien," he started finally, "I'm sorry things have gone the way they have. I feel sorry for you and I would really like to help you. I don't suppose you will believe me, but the matter of the order which which I asked you to sign was not of my doing. However, we won't go into that. The proposition was made to you and you turned it down, and that's the end of it. At the same time, I hate to leave you to your own resources and I am going to make one more suggestion to you for your own good. I have an-



"Your Lives Won't Be Worth a Damn."

other plan to get you into Holland and if you will go with me to another house, I will introduce you to a man who I think will be in a position to help you."

"How many millions of pounds will he want for his trouble?" I answered, sarcastically.

"You can arrange that when you see him. Will you go?"

I suspected there was something fishy about the proposition, but I felt that I could take care of myself and decided to see the thing through. I knew Huyliker would not dare to deliver me to the authorities because of the fact that I had the tell-tale passport, which would be his deathknell as well as my own.

Accordingly I said I would be quite willing to go with him whenever he was ready, and he suggested that we go the next evening.

I pointed out to him that I was entirely without food and asked him whether he could not arrange to bring or send me something to eat while I remained in the house.

"I'm sorry, O'Brien," he replied, "but I'm afraid you will have to get along as best you can. When I brought you your breakfast this morning I took a desperate chance. If I had been discovered by one of the German soldiers entering this house with food in my possession, I would not only have paid the penalty myself, but you would have been discovered, too. It is too dangerous a proposition. Why don't you go out by yourself and buy your food at the stores? That would give you confidence and you'll need plenty of it when you continue your journey to the border."

There was a good deal of truth in what he said and I really could not blame him for not wanting to take any chances to help me in view of the relations between us.

"Very well," I said; "I've gone without food for many hours at a time before and I suppose I shall be able to do so again. I shall look for you to-morrow evening."

The next evening he came and I accompanied him to another house not very far from the one in which I had been staying and not unlike it in appearance. It, too, was a substantial dwelling house which had been untenanted since the beginning save perhaps for such occasional visits as Huyliker and his associates made to it.

Huyliker let himself in and conducted me to a room on the second floor, where he introduced me to two men. One, I could readily see by the resemblance, was his own brother. The other was a stranger.

Very briefly they explained to me that they had procured another passport for me—a genuine one—which would prove far more effective in helping to get me to the frontier than the counterfeit one they had manufactured for me.

I think I saw through their game

right at the start, but I listened patiently to what they had to say.

"Of course, you will have to return to us the passport we gave you before we can give you the real one," said Huyliker's brother.

"I haven't the slightest objection," I replied, "if the new passport is all you claim for it. Will you let me see it?"

There was considerable hesitation on the part of Huyliker's brother and the other chap at this.

"Why, I don't think that's necessary at all, Mr. O'Brien," said the former. "You give us the old passport and we will be very glad to give you the new one for it. Isn't that fair enough?"

"It may be fair enough, my friends," I retorted, seeing that it was useless to conceal further the fact that I was fully aware of their whole plan and why I had been brought to this house. "It may be fair enough, my friends," I said, "but you will get the passport that I have here," putting my side and indicating my inside breast pocket, "only off my dead body!"

I suppose the three of them could have made short work of me then and there if they had wanted to go the limit, and no one would ever have been the wiser, but I had gone through so much and I was feeling so mean towards the whole world just at that moment that I was determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"I have that passport here," I replied, "and am going to keep it. If you gentlemen think you can take it from me you are welcome to try!"

To tell the truth, I was spilling for a fight, and I half wished they would start something. The man who had lived in the house had evidently been a collector of ancient pottery, for the walls were lined with great pieces of earthenware which had every earmark of possessing great value. They certainly possessed great weight. I figured that if the worst came to the worst that pottery would come in mighty handy. A single blow with one of those big vases would put a man out as neatly as possible and as there was lots of pottery and only three men, I believed I had an excellent chance of holding my own in the combat which I had invited.

I had already picked out in my mind what I was going to use, and I got up, stood with my back to the wall and told them that if they ever figured on getting the passport, then would be their best chance.

Apparently they realized that I meant business and they immediately began to expostulate at the attitude I was taking.

One of the men spoke excellent English. In fact, he told me that he could speak five languages, and if he could be in the others as well as I knew he did in his own tongue, he was not only an accomplished linguist, but a most versatile liar into the bargain.

"My dear fellow," said the linguist, "it is not that we want to deprive you of the passport. Good heavens! if it will aid you in getting out of the country, I wish you could have six just like it. But for our own protection, you owe it to us to proceed on your journey as best you can without it because as long as you have it in your possession you jeopardize our lives, too. Don't you think it is fairer that you should risk your own safety rather than place the lives of three innocent men in danger?"

"That may be as it is, my friends," I retorted, "and I am glad you realize your danger. Keep it in mind, for in case any of you should happen to feel inclined to notify the German authorities that I am in this part of the country, think it over before you do so. Remember always that if the Germans get me, they get the passport, too, and if they get the passport your lives won't be worth a damn! When I tell the history of that clever little piece of postcard, I will implicate all three of you, and whoever is working with you, and as I am an officer I rather think my word will be taken before yours. Good night!"

The bluff evidently worked, because I was able to get out of the city without molestation from the Germans.

I have never seen these men since. I hope I never shall, because I am afraid I might be tempted to do something for which I might otherwise be sorry.

I do not mean to imply that all Belgians are like this. I had evidently fallen into the hands of a gang who were endeavoring to make capital out of the misfortunes of those who were referred to them for help. In all countries there are bad as well as good, and in a country which has suffered so much as poor Belgium it is no wonder if some of the survivors have lost their sense of moral perspective.

I know that the average poor peasant in Belgium would divide his scanty rations with a needy fugitive sooner than a wealthy Belgian would dole out a morsel from his comparatively well-stocked larder. Perhaps the poor have less to lose than the rich if their generosity or charity is discovered by the Huns.

There have been many Belgians shot for helping escaped prisoners and other fugitives, and it is not to be wondered at that they are willing to take as few chances as possible. A man with a family, especially, does not feel justified in helping a stranger when he knows that he and his whole family may be shot or sent to prison for their pains.

Although I suffered much from the attitude of Huyliker and his associates, I suppose I ought to hold no grudge against them in view of the unenviable predicament in which they are themselves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We Suppose This Is So.
In place of most of our troubles we might easily have much worse ones.—
Albany Journal.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE and Butchering Outfit.

On Thursday, Sept. 26, 1918.

The undersigned assigns of the estate of W. J. Miller and wife, of New Oxford Borough, will offer at public sale the following real estate and personal property:

LOT OF GROUND

consisting of about 1/2 Acre, situate south of West High Street in said Borough of New Oxford, Adams County, Penna., improved with a brick and cement slaughter house 20x60 feet, with slate roof, new brick barn with metal roof, room for 4 horses and 4 wagons, large brick smoke house, new cattle shed, and a large cattle yard, room for several carloads of cattle. Slaughter house is equipped with a good s. h. p. Geiser engine, Weaver kettle range, 60-gal. caldron, 40-gal. steam jacket kettle, large Enterprise steam grinder, good sausage stuffer, lard and tallow press, good grindstone, run by power; good steel track and a large cooling room, cattle and hide room, all under one roof; killing room has 4-ft. cement wall, floors are all cement. This is one of the best equipped slaughter houses in the country.

TWO GOOD HORSES

Bruce, a bay horse 12 years old, good leader, fearless of all objects; Harry, a road horse, 10 years old, perfectly safe, and one of the best style and road horses in this section, none better for the meat business. Three meat wagons, one a glass front wagon, York make; 1 buggy, 1 ice wagon.

ONE FORD TRUCK

equipped for the delivery of meats, in a No. 1 condition, with glass front.

STORE FIXTURES.

One good Cincinnati ice box, 10 feet high, 6 ft. wide, 7 ft. deep, with glass sliding doors, will hold 4 dressed cattle besides light stock; this is one of the best refrigerators made in saving of ice and the keeping of meats. One 100-lb. Simpson computing scales, in fine condition; 3 meat blocks, 8-ft. marble slab counter, 10 ft. quarter rack with two racks, 10-ft. retail meat rack; these fixtures are all oak. One National cash register, 1 safe, 3 ft. 9 in. high, 2 ft. 2 in. deep, 2 ft. 4 in. wide, good as new; 1 American account register system, meat slicer, coal stove, 1 rolling-top desk, 3 chairs, saws, scales, knives, hooks, large meat bench, etc.

Harness, ice in ice house, forks, hay, 1 good circular saw with new frame, lot of good belting, two 600-lb. platform scales, in fine condition, 1 ladder, 1 vice, and a lot of other articles.

New Oxford has a population of 1000, is surrounded by a good farming community, and six or more towns within a distance of 6 miles. This is one of the best locations for a butcher in the State. Any one wishing to look over the real and personal property before the sale can do so by calling upon the assignees.

Sale to begin at slaughter house at 1 o'clock p. m. Terms and conditions by THEO. E. WARNER, CURTIS E. DIEHL, Assignees.

Chas. Rinehart, Auct.

Assignees.

Public Sale
OF A VALUABLE FARM.

On Saturday, October 5, 1918.

The undersigned heirs at law of John M. Duttera, Sr., late of New Oxford Borough, Adams County, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises:

All that FARM situate in Straban Township, Adams County, Pa., fronting on the public road leading from Beaver Run to Stone Jug, adjoining lands of W. B. McInerney, Frank Beumer, Addison Horner, Jacob M. Weaver, Chas. Black, Roy Yeagy, Philip Weaver's heirs and the Woodside school house lot, of Straban township; improved with a Two Story Weatherboarded Dwelling with 1 1/2 Story Out house, Large Bank Barn with Wagon Shed attached, Hog Pen, Carriage House, Implement Shed, and other out buildings; containing 100 Acres, more or less. The land is in good state of cultivation, and the property is desirable as a country home and farm.

Sale to commence at 1:30 o'clock p. m., when terms and conditions will be made known by

GEO. H. DUTTERA,
MAGGIE L. DUTTERA,
MARY S. RITTASE,
JOHN H. DUTTERA,
Heirs-at-Law.

Edw. A. Trostle, Auct.
J. L. Williams, Atty.

BELL 'PHONE 83-R12

S. J. DIEHL,

(Successor to S. K. Sowers)

WAREHOUSE,
ABBOTTSTOWN, - PENNA.
Dealer in

Grain, Flour, Feed, Security Calf Feed,
Coal and Cement.

Grain Markets.
Choice Wheat.....\$ 1.35
Rye.....1.10
Barley.....1.10
Oats......75
Ear Corn.....1.50
Shelled Corn.....1.55

Will not receive wet or damp wheat.
The Place to Buy. Best Place to Sell.
The Right Service.

Property owners of East Berlin started Monday morning to lower the water pipes entering the houses to keep them from freezing. During last winter a number of citizens were unable to use water for almost two months on account of the pipes being frozen.

Public Sale!

Saturday, September 28, 1918.

The undersigned intending to quit business, will sell at public sale at the Lincoln Way restaurant, close to the railroad, in the Borough of New Oxford, the following personal property:

One porcelain lined refrigerator, holds 100 lbs. of ice; 1 Nelson ice cream cabinet, in 3 parts, holds 15 gallons; 1 Penn cabinet range, with 30 gal. tank and pipe; 1 Perfecto 3-burner oil stove and oven, 1 self-feeder double heater and pipe, one 2-burner gas stove, small coal stove and pipe, used one winter, 1 writing desk, 1 large show case with heavy plate glass top, 8 ft. long, 4 ft. high, 2 1/2 ft. wide, good as new; 6 restaurant tables, 24 chairs, 2 kitchen tables, 1 bed mattress, water cooler, zinc-lined sink, window shades, screen doors and window screens, galvanized tub, 2 wash boilers, glassware of all kinds, cups and saucers, plates, soup dishes, ice cream dishes, knives, forks and spoons, quart and pint measures, 2 large trays, 2 small trays, paper rack, bicycle, pots, pans, crocks, jars, buckets, 2 large signs and rods, 2 spigots and pipe, 3 flat irons, 1 gasoline lamp, tank and pump, 1 gasoline hanging lamp, gasoline lantern, and many articles not mentioned.

Sale to begin at 1 o'clock p. m. Three months credit on sums over \$5, or 2 per cent. off for cash. Further terms by A. A. STORM, Chas. Rinehart, Auct. C. F. Myers, Clk.

GEO. A. MILLER,
PAPER HANGER
AND DECORATOR
Lincoln Way, East, - New Oxford, Pa.
All Kinds of Wall Hanging at Moderate Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

The Farmers' Exchange

(WEAVER'S WAREHOUSE)
HANOVER ST., BELL 'PHONE.
—DEALERS IN—

Grain, Hay,
Flour, Feed.

Lumber, - Coal, - Fertilizers

Farmers' Supplies.

Automobile Tires
and Accessories.

GRAIN MARKETS.

No. 1 New Dry Wheat.....\$2 20
No. 1 Sprouted Wheat.....1 50
New Rye.....1 35
New Dry Oats.....70
Shelled Corn.....1 55
Will not receive wet or damp grain.

Best place to buy --- Best place to sell.

The Right Service Guaranteed.

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Coat Sweaters

These cool evenings you will be thinking about where to get the best Sweater for the least money.

Wagner's Is The Place.

We can show you a big line of Sweaters for Men, Ladies and Children. We bought them long ago and had them shipped this early in order to save money on them. Today they are 25 per cent. higher than when we made our purchase. You get that saving if you purchase here. As the season advances they will be scarcer and higher in price from the manufacturers. Lots of new colors and styles.

We are showing

Crepe-de-Chene

Shirt Waists in new and pretty styles.

AT \$2.50

and upwards—Salmon, White, and Pink, sizes from 38 to 46.

Ladies you should secure one or more, prices will go higher.

We are receiving our line of

Fall Coats

for Ladies, Girls and Children. You will be wise to see our line before purchasing.

GET TO KNOW
A. P. Wagner,
Carlisle Street, New Oxford.

Another Case of Paralysis.

Another case of infantile paralysis has developed in the western end of Adams county. Doctors Woomer and Crist have pronounced the 4-year-old son of Andrew Lockbaum to be suffering from the malady. The Lockbaum home is located between Cashtown and Orrstown, but a short distance from that of Emanuel Bringham, where the first case of paralysis was diagnosed during the latter part of August. Franklin county has had an epidemic of infantile paralysis for the past several months. When the Bringham case developed an endeavor to trace the infection to that source was made without success. The proximity of the Lockbaum and the Bringham homes leaves little doubt concerning the present case. The Lockbaum child has one arm paralyzed as well as the other evidences of the disease.

The auto truck owned by George W. Heiler, who conducts a hardware store in Dallastown, was badly wrecked. The truck was geared for the reverse when Luther Heiler, the owner's son, went to crank it. The truck suddenly started back, and crossing a street, it struck a pole bearing heavily charged electric wires. The top of the truck was thrown completely over the front of the car, and all fastenings broken. The box bottom was a complete wreck, being broken into splinters. Several pedestrians narrowly escaped being run down. The pole prevented the truck crashing through the large show windows of the William H. Stabley's clothing store on the opposite corner. Mr. Stabley, who was standing in front of his place of business, narrowly escaped being caught between the pole and truck.

Young men of eighteen or nineteen years old, eligible for military service under the new draft, who are students of colleges or plan to be, will go to school as they had planned, but will do so under military supervision and instruction, according to rulings announced recently by military authorities. The student army training corps, under which men will be given an opportunity to receive instruction and technical training with pay, will not be made a special class under the draft and exemptions will be made ready for field service in 1919. The only exceptions are young men training in studies of military value, such as medicine, engineering and chemistry.

D. B. Hartman, cashier of the Union National bank, at Mt. Wolf, York county, on Thursday filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the U. S. district court at Scranton. His liabilities are \$125,000 and his assets \$50. Mr. Hartman it is said, had been investing in and selling stock of outside enterprises for some time. A special meeting of the bank directors was held on Thursday evening. While the bank admits that it is involved in Hartman's transactions, nothing was divulged as to the amount of the proceedings of the meeting. Hartman had been cashier of the bank since its incorporation. Recent ly his real estate was transferred to his wife.

One more of the patriot youths of York county, and the second from Spring Grove, has made the supreme sacrifice for his country. According to official word received on Monday morning, Chancelor Stambaugh fell in action "over there" on July 16th. The deceased soldier is survived by his mother, Mrs. Anna Stambaugh, and several brothers and sisters, one of whom is Luther Stambaugh, of Hanover. The Spring Grove patriot who was first to fall in action was Melvin Jamison.

As the result of special activity on the part of the York police department Saturday night 19 men and women were taken into custody on one charge or another, most of the cases arising out of the vice conditions existing in that city. Of the nine who were sent to the York hospital but one was found to be perfectly healthy. Three small children of Beniah Unger, one of the women caught in the roundup, were placed by Judge Ross in the care of the Children's Protective Society.

Jere Gentzler, aged 17 years, son of Nelson Gentzler, of Nashville, was seriously injured at the plant of the Thomasville Stone & Lime Co. The young man was crushed between two dump carts which are used to haul stone from the quarry to the plant. He was caught at the upper part of his chest and the head, and was rendered unconscious. Dr. Stambaugh found the boy suffering from concussion of the brain and serious injuries to his chest.

After having kept out of reach of the arm of the law and several times baffled York authorities in their attempt to apprehend him within the past ten days, Pvt. Chester Dietz, a deserter from Camp Meade, was finally located under a pile of boxes in the cellar of his mother's home and captured Monday morning. Despite his struggles and threats to kill his captors, he was taken to jail, where he will await the action of the military authorities.

Mrs. Ella Blockinger, of the firm of Foreman & Co., cigar manufacturers, Red Lion, accidentally burned up \$200 in crisp U. S. currency. Before taking an auto trip some time ago she deposited the money under a stove lid in the kitchen. The recent cold weather caused the stove to be fired up and the money was entirely destroyed before she had thought of having placed it there. The notes were burned to a crisp and none was left in shape to be redeemed.

Adams County local draft board, together with the boards of other Pennsylvania districts, has received notification to be ready to send another contingent of men for general military service. They are to go during a five day period beginning October 7th. The number and the time for their entrain will be given out within the course of the next few days. Men between 19 and 35 will be called first. There will number about 500,000.

A committee of Gettysburg men who went to Washington to try to Camp Colt prepared for winter use, so that the troops might be kept there the year round, have returned with the report that the War Department has decided definitely that the Tankers shall be moved to Kalesig, N. C., as soon as the cold weather sets in.

Corporal George M. Lightner, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Lightner, of North York, was killed in action July 20th in France, according to word received on Saturday by his parents.

Reports from every registration place in York county show enrollment of 10,476, or almost double that of York city, which is 5,405. Hanover leads the Boro's with 872.

Smut has appeared in wheat in Washington county, Maryland, in such proportions that it threatens to become a serious menace to the crop there.

... BANNER WEEK AT THE ... Leader Store With Bargains Bigger Than Ever, Including Our Most Exclusive Fall Stock.

35 all-silk Petticoats, \$5 and \$6 values, at . . . \$2.98

Jap Silk Waists, in all styles, at \$1.98

100 Georgette Waists, Fall styles, \$4.98 value, at \$3.48

Children's Gingham Dresses sizes 6 to 14 . . . 98c to \$1.98

Crepe de Chine and Georgette Waists, \$3.50 and \$4.50 values, at .. \$2.25

Fall Coats, in all wool materials, plenty of styles, sizes 17 to 53, from \$12.50 to \$45.00.

100 Mercerized Voile Waists, \$2.50 values, at . . . \$1.25

Fall Suits, in latest styles and all wool materials, \$12.50 to \$40.

Fall Sweaters and Slipons, great values, . . . \$3.50 to \$7.00

Dresses, in silks, poplins and serges, from \$5.98 to \$35.00.

THE LEADER STORE,

Manufacturers and Retailers

Also an Entrance Through McCrory's 5c and 10c Store.
In the New White Bldg., Center Square, Hanover, Pa.

Style Headquarters!

When you know that looking the part and being the part go hand in hand, why don't you wear the best clothes that money can buy? We have them---in *Society Brand*. They are not made to meet a price, but to set a standard of quality (and they do). These Suits and Overcoats embody such exceptional hand tailoring that it keeps its style and fit intact throughout the life of the garment.

And to bring matters to a head quickly you will have to see our Hawes Hats and be one of our satisfied customers.

Do not fail to see our display at the Hanover Fair.

The Globe
UP TO DATE

STYLE HEADQUARTERS

"The Store-That Sells Society Brand Clothes"

107-109 Broadway,

HANOVER, PA.

NEW OXFORD MILLING CO., MARKET REPORT.

Corrected Weekly.

No. 1 Wheat.....\$2 18
No. 2 Wheat.....2 00
No. 1 Rye.....1 00
Oats.....60
Corn.....1 40-1 55
Barley.....1 00

RETAIL PRICES.

Bran, per 100 lbs.....\$
Middlings, per 100 lbs.....
Corn, per bu.....1 50
Mixed Oats, per bu.....1 00
Mixed Chop, per 100 lbs.....3 40
High Grade Flour, per bl.....10 40
Dairy Feed, per 100 lbs.....2 50
Blackford Calf Meal, 24 p. c. protein 1 50

... Fall Millinery Opening ... Friday and Sept. 20 and 21.

Will have on display all the latest creations in

Trimmed and Untrimmed... **HATS.**

You are respectfully requested to call and investigate.

MRS. MAUDE DEAL,

HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD.